

# AMERICAN

## Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

AUGUST, 1842.

### Embellishments:

#### GETTING INTO A DIFFICULTY:

Engraved on Steel by E. G. DUNNEL, from an Engraving by BECKWITH after ALKEN.

#### OUTLINE PORTRAITS OF ATTLA AND OUR NELL,

*Winners of the Derby and Oaks, 1842.*

ALSO

#### THE ASCOT GOLD CUP FOR 1842.

On Wood by CHILDS.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

VOL. XIII.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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"The Last Campaign," by "Observer," is postponed until next month, in order to accompany it with the elaborate "Tables of the Best Time made by American Horses at all distances," which was prepared by a friend of ours for J. S. S., of W. Nothing so complete has ever been published.

The report of the great match between Fashion and Boston appears not only in the London Sporting Magazines for July, but is widely copied in the provincial journals of Great Britain. It appears to have excited the liveliest interest everywhere, and we expect to read it in six months in the "Bengal Sporting Magazine," published in Calcutta!

There is a prospect of another race between Fashion and Boston, to come off during the Fall Campaign. Both are in fine health and have just gone into training.

"A.," in reply to "Observer" and the Editor—on the subject of Wagner and Sir Charles—in our next. His article on the "Limits of the Race Horse Region" will appear in the "Spirit of the Times" of the 30th July.

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## ILLUSTRATION OF TROTTING.

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THE increased attention paid to Breeding and Training the TROTTING HORSE throughout the country, and especially in the Northern States, has induced the publisher of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" to avail himself of an opportunity of presenting his subscribers with a superb *Illustration of Trotting*, engraved on Steel Plate, after an Original Painting. The picture referred to is characterized by great force and truth, and presents a faithful and graphic sketch of

**THE LATE EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH IN HARNESS,**

**BETWEEN**

**RIPTON AND CONFIDENCE,**

*Over the Centreville Course.*

The Portraits of these celebrated Horses, as well as those of HIRAM WOODRUFF and WILLIAM WHEELAN, their trainers and jockies, are lifelike and spirited in an eminent degree. The peculiar action of each horse is admirably hit off, as well as the style of jockeyship which characterizes their drivers, each of whom, like the renowned Frank Buckle, is "a great creature" in his line of life.

The painting was executed by that distinguished young artist, Mr. J. W. OWINGS, expressly for the purpose, and is already in the hands of Mr. DICK, the engraver. It will be brought out early next month—if possible, in season to be distributed here on the occasion of the Great Sweepstake on the Beacon Course, in which Ripton, Confidence, and Lady Suffolk are nominated.

The publisher has the pleasure to state that the PORTRAIT OF COL. JOHNSON, the "Napoleon of the Turf," is in a state of great forwardness. An eminent artist is constantly employed upon it, and it will be produced at as early a day as the high finish which this beautiful specimen of art is to receive will allow.

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THE BUCKING HORSE.

1870.

THE BUCKING HORSE. (See the American Two-Wheeler and Cyclist, March, 1870.)



## GETTING INTO A DIFFICULTY.

Drawn by H. ALKEN, and Engraved by H. BACKWITH, for the London "Sportsman."

*Copied for the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,"*

BY E. G. DUNNEL.

IN the June number of the "Register" was given the first of a series of Illustrations, from the pencil of the celebrated Alken, wherein the *difficulties* of the Chase are delineated with great truth and effect. The illustration alluded to was very properly lettered "*Going to Cover, to meet the Difficulty.*" In this number our readers are presented with No. 2 of these felicitous illustrations, in which it will be seen that the votaries of the Chase have not been "slow" in "*Getting into a Difficulty.*" The picture from which our engraving has been taken, was originally executed for the London "Sportsman," the editor of which magazine remarks, in his April number, to the following effect:—

"Having already expressed our intention of commencing a series of engravings illustrative of the "Difficulties of the Chase," from the pencil of Mr. Alken, of whom we leave our readers to form their own judgment respecting his ability as an artist; we have this month presented them with the second graphic sketch with which we have been favored from the same pencil. The justice which our talented engraver has done to the subject will not be called in question, as to our certain knowledge he has retained the vivid characteristics of the original with the utmost fidelity.

To offer instructions on fencing to most of the fox-hunters of the present day, would under other circumstances than those illustrated in this engraving, appear presumptuous. To a few only, as those but lately entered, and to the younger aspirants after venatorial fame, the following practical hints—some of them derived from our own experience, and many others from more accredited sources, may not be altogether unwelcome.

Never ride at a gate that by probability is unfastened; to do so when it is actually on the swing would be madness: for as many good leapers measure heights and distances so accurately as almost always to brush the former, and exactly span the latter, so a gate on the swing, or even unfastened, would in all probability fly open, and the horse, instead of topping it, would first find himself swinging on it, and next rolling, rider and all, headlong from off it. There are a few rules which will apply to most cases, and such as we think all must allow; of these we venture to offer the following as an example:—When you know your horse to be a safe fencer, be his fashion of performing his leaps what it may, do not attempt to alter it; and, whatever you do, by no means hurry such a horse, however prudent you may find it to do so with others. Some horses, although sufficiently eager to get on, will always pull somewhat up at a timber leap, particularly if it requires any extraordi-

nary exertion, which forms an exception to what follows. In most other cases than that just noticed, a very high timber leap will require a fair run, a fair take off, and a full *cram* to carry your horse over: never, however, attempt such a leap merely to show off either yourself or your horse during the run, for several others of a similar kind may be *forced* on you; and be assured that every such leap tells, and takes much out of your horse, as must be evident when we consider how much exertion he has to make to raise you and himself in every such leap to the required height, and also how much to recover from by the shock given to his frame in his descent. Avoid following too closely when another is taking a timber leap, for should he fall, you may either kill him or yourself; and, at all events, you will lose your own credit. Do not force your horse at timber of any considerable height when he is at all distressed, for should he come down, he will come down with great force from his previous fatigue, and will most probably injure both himself and you. We would again caution the young aspirant after fame in field riding, against forming a resolution to take all his leaps, be they what they may, on the gallop; on the contrary it is actually good riding to pull up at some leaps, of which we have pointed out instances, and to take them either standing or from a walk, or at most from a gentle canter. Few horses, except buck leapers, can jump with ease to themselves from the trot; thus, even when they have been previously trotting before they reach the leap, they break into a canter. Some of our best riders also will not ride hard at timber, be the leap what it may. We are told, indeed, that Mr. Assheton Smith, a notorious good judge of field riding, with the exception of brooks, never rode hard at any kind of fence whatever."

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## TURCOMAN HORSES.

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A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM HERAUT TO OURENBOURG, ON THE CASPIAN, IN 1840, BY CAPTAIN SIR RICHMOND SHAKESPEAR.

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[THIS is a narrative consisting of the journal taken by the author upon his route in 1840. Being a subaltern in the army of the Indus after the taking of Ghuznee, he was employed upon an important diplomatic mission, the object of which was to obtain the withdrawal of the Russian army, which was at that period advancing upon, and within three days' march of, the city of Khyva. Sir R. Shakespear, having marched from Heraut to Khyva, was successful in the arrangement of a treaty between the Khan of Khyva and the Russian General, the prominent conditions of which were, on the part of the latter, that he should withdraw the Russian army within the limits of the Russian empire; on the part of the former, that the Khyvans should restore to the Russians all the Russian prisoners who had been taken and held in slavery by the Muscovan subjects of the Khan of Khyva. The detention of these prisoners had always formed the pretext of Russia for its advance against the Khan's dominions; and, in or-

der to destroy this effectually for the future, Sir R. S. guaranteed to the Russians the restoration of *all* the prisoners within the Khan's dominions—and for this purpose, personally undertook to collect and march them in safety into Russia. He accordingly liberated and took charge of these prisoners, upwards of five hundred, and with the whole number crossed from Khyva to the Caspian. He left the prisoners at Ourenbourg, passed through Russia, being every where received with enthusiasm by the countrymen of the prisoners, and on his arrival at St. Petersburg obtained a ratification of the treaty from the Emperor, and had the honor of receiving his thanks publicly.

On his arrival in England, he received promotion and rank for his services, and is now Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief of the Bengal army, at present in the Khyber pass on its way to relieve General Sale.]

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IT may be as well, now that this journey from Heraut is over, to make a few remarks respecting it. The fatigue was certainly very great, but I know not whether the climate of Heraut has improved my constitution, or whether habit has made me indifferent to many little comforts—but I did not suffer. I had only a small tent of two cloths, through which I might have taken altitudes of the sun, and at night I never dreamt of pitching this apology for a tent. I am convinced that when marching for months together, and independent of supplies at the places where you halt, the native plan of dividing the distance to be crossed in the twenty-four hours into two stages, is a good one; and should another army of the Indus leave India, I think they would find this plan answer. Your camels and your cattle have the cool of the morning and evening for work, and the middle of the day to feed, and they have a good night's rest, instead of being loaded or harnessed in the middle of the night. The last five or six miles of a sixteen-mile march ruined our gun-cattle on the Affghan campaign; when the same sixteen-mile march, if divided into two portions, morning and evening, would have given no fatigue to the beasts. As for the trouble to the men of pitching their tents, I think the natives seldom pitched theirs, and the Europeans only when the heat was very great. The men have the trouble of twice loading, but they ought not to grudge this, seeing that the baggage-cattle will last them longer. They certainly take as little care of their horses as any people in the world: one groom is considered sufficient for three, and the only grass the animal gets is what he can pick up within the range of his tether: three cosseers (six lbs.) of barley is considered ample in the twenty-four hours. Immediately you dismount, the girths of the saddle are a little loosened, and a blanket thrown over. In about an hour, when he has somewhat cooled, the saddle is taken off his back, and a blanket and all the thick felts you have, are clapt on, and there the poor beast stands (however hot the sun may be) until about an hour before you load again, when the one groom takes the clothing off his three horses, and with the bare palm of his hand goes through a process which he is pleased to call cleaning the three horses. He never dreams of washing or cleaning the hoofs, and his chief aim seems to be to clean the tail carefully; this he drenches with abundance of cold water, and if the flies are not very troublesome, he ties a knot about halfway; the saddle is then clapt on his back, with heaven only knows how many pads under it to prevent its galling.

When all is ready, you are requested to mount, which is an affair of much ceremony, at which all hands attend; one man takes hold of the off stirrup, a precaution necessary to prevent the saddle coming round with your weight; a second gives you the near stirrup, a third puts his right hand under your left arm, and all the lookers-on, as you rise, exclaim in chorus, "Oh God! may it be propitious!" and when the whole party is mounted, a hearty ejaculation of "In the name of God!" is given, and off you start.

The result of this neglect of the cattle is, that of the whole number which came with me, every one, horse, yahoo, or mule, except the horse I rode, of whom more anon, arrived dreadfully pulled down, and there was only one baggage pony out of the whole of the cattle that had not a sore back; some of the saddle horses in particular were dreadfully galled; but if the Afghans have the knack of causing sores, they certainly know how to cure them. One poor beast in particular, a saddle horse, (the one ridden by the Wolf from Heraut to Merve,) had on the march an enormous wound on his back, from which a most offensive smell exhaled. I had little hope of this beast surviving, but they brought him to me to-day in almost tolerable condition, his wounds had healed up, and he looked healthy. They never poultice to extract matter, but stuff loose cotton into the sores, and change this cotton frequently; when the sore has filled up, they rub henna over the part, which they believe makes the hair grow and hardens the skin.

We have heard much of Turcoman horses and Turcoman horsemanship—I confess my opinion of both is, that they are alike contemptible. I had for my own riding a horse called Choorlie, which had been bought of the Turka Turcomans by the chief of the tribe, of Hazarah Demauks, by whom it was presented to government. This horse's speed and powers of endurance were so famous amongst the Turcomans, that every man I met had heard of him, and the importance of my mission was considerably enhanced by the possession of this animal; and yet I would not give, in India, 400 rupees for him. He has a great deal of Arab blood, yet his head and neck run out exactly on a prolongation of his back-bone, and with his nose stuck out he shuffles along more like a cow than a horse; his mouth is dreadful; I would not undertake to turn him round in much less than an acre of ground, and he is of so sluggish a disposition that I was obliged to keep the whip constantly playing against his side. As for leaping he has not the most remote idea of it, and I don't think it possible he could get over a four-foot ditch without having a tumble—so much for his faults. Now for his virtues—he keeps his flesh well under long marches, eats any thing that comes in his way, is as quiet as a lamb, walks fast, and ambles nearly eight miles an hour. I timed this horse at a race, over very bad ground indeed, and when he was not in the least pressed by the other horses; the distance was one mile, five furlongs, and 170 yards, measured by a perambulator, and this distance was done in three minutes and forty-five seconds. I am no judge of such matters, but whether this was a good or bad time, it



must be borne in mind that the ground was covered by small ravines and loose stones. He is a perfect horse in the eyes of the Turcomans, and whenever he is taken to water the people collect to look at him; he is a dark bay, strongly formed about the hind-quarters, with a long, high-ridged back-bone, rather heavy shoulders, and stands about fourteen-three. His name, "Choorlie," was given by the Turcomans in consequence of a large scar which he has over the knee of his near fore-leg; but in general their celebrated horses take the name of their owners.

The price of one of these known and tried horses is about 1200 Company's rupees (£120,) though of course there are some that are not to be bought at any price.

The Turcoman mode of training is very different from that followed by our racing characters. At one year and a half old the tuition of the infant Childers commences;—a child is placed on his back, who walks him about slowly, at first a very short distance; and when he can masticate grain they give him a little barley or jewarree; the clothing is always very warm; a great deal of food is given in the twenty-four hours, but very little at any one time, and but little water, but the pace is never increased beyond a walk; and when not taking exercise he is either in the tent or close to it, so that he becomes from his earliest days perfectly domesticated and docile. At about three years and a half old, they commence training him for a trial, which is but little different from his former training; the distances are gradually increased, but the pace does not alter for many days. At length the poor beast, not being able to walk over sufficient ground in the day, is led about at night, until his flesh is brought to a consistency. If melons are procurable, he gets large quantities of these in addition to his other food; and at this stage of the training he is allowed to eat as much grain as he pleases, but never much at any one time, and he is never allowed much water; a system of sweating is then gone through, and gradually the pace is increased into his best gallop, at which he is at last kept for ten or twelve miles, and then he challenges all the world! without having received one ball or seen a drenching horn. Think of that, ye knowing ones!

The only advantage, unless you are a racing character, in purchasing one of these tried horses, is, that you get a beast whose constitution and sinews are hardened by constant exercise, which has been so gradually increased that the animal is not strained or injured, and is able to go through the severest exercise for days together, without loss of condition. But if you are fond of scampering across country, or twisting and twirling your horse about, you must not come to this market, for all people will decide that both horse and man are mad; and a compact little Arab for hunting, or a pleasant canter, is worth all the Turcoman's horses I have yet seen.

All the best Turcoman horses have a cross of the Arab blood. I brought with me a handsome compact Arab as a present to the Khan Huzarut. This horse was seldom ridden on the march, and taken more care of than the other horses; but he had been accus-

tomed to two grooms scrubbing his back for hours morning and evening, and to more grass and grain than I could give him, and he fell off sadly on the road, arriving here in such wretched condition that I wished to keep him for a fortnight; but on the second day I was requested to send him to the palace. I urged the miserable state of the nag, but they told me that a Turcoman liked to judge of a horse when he had little flesh; and on my sending the horse, all the spectators were loud in praise of his form and strength. The head of the Turcoman horse is long, his neck is light and long, and he has seldom any crest; his shoulder is heavy, his pasterns are short and straight, hoofs good, hind-quarters and loins very broad and strong, but his hocks not sufficiently curved, and his fore-legs covered with splints, which are occasioned by the peculiar mode of shoeing; in short, he is exactly adapted to the work required of him—to march twenty or thirty days, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles per diem, with his nose straight before him, never once turning round, and never breaking out of a walk or amble. So much for their horses, now for their horsemanship.

Any man who has crossed a Turcoman saddle, *must* feel that though it is difficult for him to tumble off, still it is morally and physically impossible for him to govern his horse. In one of our saddles a man is part and parcel of his horse, and the animal *must* obey the rational being; but seated on one of these affairs called saddles here, a man feels that he is at the horse's mercy; he has the consolation of knowing that the beast is perfectly quiet, and will walk straight along the road; but being yourself raised at least five inches from the back-bone of the horse, and your knees being forced out from his sides by the pad on which the saddle-tree is placed, you feel at once the utter impossibility of governing your horse; and to one accustomed to a light-mouthed Arab, well on his haunches, the first touch of the mouth of a Turcoman horse is sickening; you feel at once that the case is hopeless, and that you *must* progress in a straight line. Now, as this peculiarity of mouth and saddle is universal, the result may be imagined when a body of men, on such saddles, and horses with such mouths, charge. It is impossible, as a friend of mine observes, to change "the direction of the headlong impetus;" and if the flank is turned, the whole are thrown into deplorable confusion. I should say that one of Skinner's horses, with sword and spear, would master three Turcomans similarly armed; and I will answer for it, that H.M. 4th Dragoons cut up 5000 Turcoman horse, *if* the latter presumes to charge, or will venture to wait for a charge. A good deal is said in neighboring states of Turcoman valor; but I cannot hear that they ever attack parties of equal numerical strength, and in a fair open plain. Their assaults are something like those of the *valorous* cat on the feeble mouse.

## "KENTUCKY AND THE KENTUCKIANS."

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

Resumed from page 19 of the present volume.

"Nae man can tether time nor tide,  
The hour approaches, Tam maun ride."

AFTER an early breakfast, *therefore*, on next morning, we departed, each on his particular route. Our humorous friends, the knights of the saddle, went on to effect their meeting with *Black Sal*—Caleb to Hendersonville, to make sale of his year's crop of tobacco—and your humble friend, the chronicler of these events, to the cabin of his young kinsfolk *on* the Ohio, where "Beta" had the "Deer Hunt," and not *in* Ohio, as it is entituled in page 247 of volume xii. of your "Register." But as the destinations of these latter worthies had for some distance a common road, they started and travelled, for the most part of the day, together. And, being about the same age, and of feelings and opinions not dissimilar, we mutually enjoyed the association. Many a memoir of infancy—many a story of the early times, and half forgotten jokes, personal and family, were "then and there" recovered from their dim and cob-webbed cells of memory. "*That* reminds me of another" anecdote, was, as usual, a grappling-hook to many a gem of that sort. How these old stories lie linked together by a chain of common principle, or closely resembling sentiment? And sweet it is—isn't it?—for congenial souls to recal them, one by one, for their mutual gratification or amusement. To my mind they come up like a host of early friends, parading in a dream. Gradually I "recollect the features of that face," so natural to me—"I must have seen it before,"—while another countenance, with bright eyes and merry mouth, can never be forgotten. *Its image is ever on the heart.* And so, one after another, pass on the mirror of my pensive memory, playmate and master, the joyous or the sad, the long absent and the long buried! I love to recur to these scenes of other years. I cannot "let by-gones be by-gones." If they awake one transient emotion for the past—if they give life again to a single ludicrous or grotesque attitude, which once, in playful boyhood, amused my various hour, I am repaid. It is all the same to me,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

like another butterfly, on its unsteady course, in the spring morning, my fancy, leisurely and on tremulous wing, will float from the "gay, gay rose," to the modest harebell or the humble weed-flower—seeing all, settling a moment for rest, amusement, or sage



reflection upon each, *and loving all*. For are they not God's works? And gave He not to me these wings and these wishes?—the wings to soar upon, and the wishes, so various, like His works, for the enjoyment of them? I can but think so.

But pause we here, in our butterfly career, to return to the path of our devious narrative, if we can find it. After the full indulgence of all these tastes, we had halted at the top of a long hill to say a few words at parting, as, at this point, our roads separated. A wagoner was coming up the steep road, blythely whistling to his team of six noble bays, while they to the merry music of their bells, were bowing their proud necks and stretching the cords of their sinewy thighs, to reach the pinnacle on which we were. Now and then tee sharp smack of his whip rang through the woods, in their harmless and playful music over the leaders' heads, or to the right or left, as the whim of the driver suggested. Occasionally he suspended his whistle to say a word of cheering and friendly encouragement to his steady and faithful servants.

"*Gee up, there, Jolly!* There's a good boy. *You Shark!* get along there, you old villain, you! *Gee—wo-haw.*"

Thus conversed the driver with his team, as they slowly but steadily drew the heavy wagon up the hill. In the intervals of his whistling, whip-cracking, or talks, the horses would make those long and rapid respirations which are called *snorting*, but which always seemed to me like a sort of abstracted amusement, while the animal was engaged in a quiet but cheerful reverie. *Snort*, indeed! I suppose some naturalists would persuade me, too, that a cow is *not ruminating* on past events, when she "chews her cud." But these creatures *think* just as much while they are so employed, as my old uncle, Deacon Williams, when he  *rubs his thigh*, while the preacher is expounding the text by metaphysics. 'Think? Why, they are the very pictures of thinking—of thinking, too, in the last and highest style, in the John-Tyler way—thinking in the *abstract*.

"There's a noble team of horses for you, Sir Caleb," said I; "six as good and true as ever stretched trace-chains, I'll warrant. And see! their master knows it, too. He gets off the saddle-horse as he approaches the worst point on the road. Look you, how reverently he strokes the neck of that stout, sleek old patriarch. He honors *him*—the others he loves and esteems merely. *But him he honors*. There is no carping or playing with *him*. It is all earnest and respectful. Well, well, there is a great deal in having a solid character, even among the horses in a wagon team! What say you, Sir?"

"Noble? I reckon it is a noble team. What other sort should Al. Haywood drive? How are you, Al.? What's the word, my old boy? How are the times with you? Glad to see you—give us your mutton stealer—Mr. L., Col. Haywood; a genuine Kentuckian, Sir, after our own hearts."

After the usual salutations of an introduction, Mr. Haywood lifting his broad-brimmed, round-topped, white-felt hat, from his forehead, replied to Caleb's many questions and salutations seria-

tim, and, unlike the Yankees, directly. Among other things he informed us that "old Atkinson" gave \$6 per 100 for tobacco, which, by the way, makes the product of the acre about \$50. He then pulled out from the broad tail of his blue Kentucky Jeans coat (which was stuffed with various presents for the *bairns*, as he called them,) a flat and spirally-twisted green glass pint-bottle, which he offered us, saying—

"Here, gentlemen, drink. It's the naked, Sir, but it's the best 'Old Bourbon' I ever saw—as good as 'Prince Hal' ever tasted, I know. Come, Cale, drink again. Your head's as strong as this old Saddle-horse, Hider Ali's. Drink, it won't hurt you."

Caleb, who had drank once as long as he could hold his breath, premised the second draught with—

"Well, as its from your old red-faced barrel at home; as I know Mary will scold you for bringing back any of this little bottle-full in such cold-taking weather as this, and as I have to drink also for my friend, this gentleman here—yes, you needn't stare so at his beast, for he is a gentleman, although he neither drinks nor rides a fine horse, and is not a Kentuckian. But the nag's borrowed, and so we must pardon him his figure as a horseman. I say as I have to drink for two, why I will try it once more."

Wiping, therefore, the chrystal drops from the stubble of his upper lip, he applied himself again to the beautiful liquid. Meanwhile I snatched the opportunity to scan the appearance of our friend Col. Haywood. And how different was this man from the picture which the "Gentiles" form of a "*wild Kentuckian*." They expect to see, in every young man of the South, a gay whiskered dandy, of bad habits, perhaps of bad morals, and certainly without industry, enterprise, or intelligence; and in every one of greater age, a broad-shouldered, pursy man, with a huge white hat, commanding his negroes from the back of his horse, under the shade of a tree—left standing in the middle of the field *for that purpose*. But here was a man (and with some knowledge of that people, I can but consider him as a very just sample of a large class of them,) in the general basis of his character a Southron, or slaveholder, and in his minute peculiarities a genuine Kentuckian—of excellent and cultivated understanding, temperate in his living, industrious, energetic and economical in his habits, and yet worth perhaps twenty or thirty thousand dollars—dressed entirely in "homespun," (a neat fabric of Kentucky Jeans,) driving his own team, and regularly assisting his own slave in attending to the wants of his horses, and all other work about the farm. What a people—what a land!

And it is such a land as this, good old Mother England, which you would disunite and conquer! A land with such sweet quiet hills as these of ours—no rock-ribbed mountains peering into the upper sky, with caves and gorges to conceal a coward banditti—with such plains and parks as these—no arid deserts to starve and parch the throats of our invading enemy; but hills and groves clothed with trees lovely in the verdure of their leafage, and grand to sublimity in their stature and their numbers—and prairies and

plains carpeted with green and velvet grass, and studded with flowers, as the night sky with stars. A land which God made, and which God beautified—a land bright beneath the morning sun, with its landscapes dissolving under the flitting cloud-shadows, but returning again with another moment to the enraptured gaze, to be fresh and eternal in its various beauty! It is a land whose hills are vocal with the lowing of herds and the bleating of the skipping lambkins, or resounding with the blows of the hammer and the axe, and their hundred echoes from the mocking hill-sides; whose vallies and plains are green like yours, with the rippling Spring-wheat, and merry with the morning songs of the happy ploughman: whose hills and plains and vallies are alive with a people, your kindred—their children and girls learning the language and singing the songs of old England—their youth and men reading our common history—the history of civilization and liberty—and all loving and honoring the names, and principles, and institutions, which you have erst loved and honored—The names of Alfred, the third Edward, Hampden and Sydney, of Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, and Scott;—the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty, of Truth, Justice, and Honesty, and the countless institutions of Charity, Religion, and Liberty, which we have alike inherited from your fathers and *our* fathers, from your God and *our* God. Oh! is it a land, like this, whose natural loveliness you would mar with war—whose sweet voices of the choral grove and the Christian Church, you would for ever silence with desertion or in death—whose villages and cottage-homes you would make desolate and lonely? Is this a land you would drench in blood? Are these a people you would conquer and destroy?

What is the answer in the hearts of your people, or in the bosoms of your rulers? (for these do not always wish alike.) But—of Subjects or of Queen—what is your reply? We fain would know, and we are in much doubt. If the press reflect your feelings, your people are divided. One portion of it has ever seemed to *hate* us—nay even to *contemn and despise*—in the family, to have used us as a target whereat to practice their several odious doctrines of “prerogative”—when driven out from your household, to have always nurtured their enmity by slanders and abuse. But often, from a far distant hamlet in England, or from a Lake-side in Scotland or Ireland, there does come to us, in a public paper, or it may be in a private letter, a voice of friendship and of love—awakening in us, as in a dream of infancy, emotions we long thought had been dried up with their fountains, and vibrating through cords we had for years supposed snapped and decayed. How is it? Are *these* but the tender affections of some brother spirit, making a weak and ineffectual struggle against that tide of American hatred, which will surely force him, in battle, to shed a brother's or a kinsman's blood? Are *those* (the bitter sneers, the mad and disgusting abuse of the Blackwood, the Edinburgh Review, the London Times, and their kindred prints,) the sentiments of the People, of the Crown, or the Nobility? Are they the *passions* of your Government? Must these fires of hatred have the



fuel of war? *If so, come on! Take these hills and mountains, which are not our concealment or protection. Burn our unwall'd villages and cities. Silence our groves and churches. Murder our people and destroy their prosperity—if you can. Would you do it? Can you do it?* The answer to the first question is in your hearts. The solution of the other is *not* with you alone. We dread the consequences, but we should not *fear* the result of the experiment. We do not desire to boast, although national vanity is one of our highest birth-rights—our chief English heritage. On the contrary, we know the weakness of our Navy, and the extent and proportionate helplessness of our adventurous Marine Commerce. We are fully aware that our Army, our "Peace Establishment," is scarcely large enough for a nucleus, scarcely a kernel to that immense tree, which must shoot forth like the magic one of the fable, in order to avail us in war, either as a shelter or as shade. Nor are we blind to the contemptuous feeling which our people entertain towards our Militia as a national defence, to the sense of ludicrous shame which our Militia consciously show for themselves—marching out, with one eye all lit up with the pride of war and the fires of patriotism and bloodshed, and the other peering around *to see who laughs*.

We believe that, upon a sudden declaration of war now, the Commander of Her Majesty's Forces in Canada could give ten days' notice in the Ohio papers, and with ten thousand troops burn Cincinnati. Such is our present condition—so dependant on the blessings of peace—so exposed to the weapons of war. But our limbs and cheeks, as it were, are only exposed. Our vital parts are protected and safe. And when this nation is forced to stop her plough of Agriculture, to close the shop of Manufacture, and to furl the sail of her Commerce,—when she is driven, by grasping encroachment upon her territory, by impudent invasion of her soil and of her still dearer rights, or even by that constant leaking out of fierce hate and poisoned envy, from the Tory press (which has, by the way, now a higher responsibility than the representation of the interests and feelings of the second power of the realm,)—when by either or all of these causes, the United States shall be dragged into a war, fearful will be the consequences and dire the result to both nations. Despite all the present advantages of England, they cannot remain with her. It is unnecessary here to particularise all the evils which she must suffer in such a contest. She knows them, and duly appreciates them too. And John Bull is neither behind Brother Jonathan, nor any other nation, in a due estimate of the value of the "good things of this world." Indeed he is like our Saviour in one respect. The Devil took both to the top of a mountain, and offered them the kingdom of this world if they would bow down to the mammon of unrighteousness. But, unlike that holy being, John took the bribe. He bartered his soul for power and money, whenever both could be had, but for *money* at any rate. That worship has never ceased. And ("give the devil his due!") that "kingdom of the world" has grown wider and stronger. Petty provinces in France have been relinquished

for continents in the West, and for millions of unwilling subjects in the East. In the name of religion he overturned the power of Papal rule, to rear a State-church as greedy of gain and as intolerant in her dogmas. In the name of liberty he violated the rights of his subjects in Jamaica, that he might cant and whine about his "expensive philanthropy," while he gorged himself upon wrung tributes of the millions of Hindostan and his other provinces of slaves. In the name of temperance, hundreds of thousands of his subjects "took the pledge," and gabbled over their tea in pious horror over the "table excesses" of their French neighbors, while they waged a relentless war against "Barbarian China," in behalf of an intemperance the most horrible to be conceived—and fighting for lucre only (notwithstanding the specious sophistry of that old man Eloquent—the much abused Ex-President Adams,) *highway robber-like, they took a bribe to stop the war.* In the name of the "integrity of the empire and the balance of power," they blew up Jean D'Acre like an exploding steamer, while they were claiming and invading Affghanistan, upon a plea of necessity and convenience. Truly John Bull is a great people!

Yes, England knows well the value of her commerce with the wide world, checked—of her American markets lost forever—her best and safest colonies severed from the parent stock, and, in another instance, become Independent, "Enemies in war, Friends, but Rivals, in Peace"—not to compute the blood and treasures wasted in a fruitless enterprise, and the tenure of her Government upon the affections or the fears of her uneasy subjects, shaken or broke. She knows them all. But her pride, that other ruling passion, which has so often been leagued with her—avarice, in the rude and open commission of wrong, and her native Bull-dog ferocity—may now make her blind to, or reckless of these calamities. If so—so let it be! "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." I love not to contemplate the terrors of such scenes and perils as may be now above and around us. May God avert the awful consequences of war to our people—the consequences to their prosperity, their morals, their civilization, and their happiness!

As to this *hostility of the British press* to this country—a scatter-brained fellow (as prophets generally are), over the signature of "Gamma," in the June number of your last year's Register, enclosing certain grotesque and ridiculous passages, describing this feeling, puts this language into the mouth of John Bull. "May be you'll be a man yet, Jonathan. And as you are of *good blood* (dam-me, a sort of bastard of *our own*,) you will do well, quite well, &c." Now mark the "prophecy fulfilled." The January number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, in an article called "The World of London," after a long, and, as is usual in that magazine, a low, Billingsgate abuse of the Americans, through the person of some "ill-bred republican biped," or some imaginary personage (for John Bull is dreadfully given to exaggeration, if not to downright invention of his incidents), and after giving to this animal, real or imaginary, a very unnecessary consequence,

*unless he really intended* to represent him as a sample of the Americans, has the following passage :—" We should be sorry *indeed* to suppose that this remarkable item represented his nation ; on the contrary, we imagine him to have been a living caricature of the American Citizen, who is no doubt *modest, well-bred, Christian-like, and sensible, as becomes his British origin.*" And yet, notwithstanding all this generosity in not judging these " modest and well-bred " British descendants by this simple specimen—" the impression produced upon the company by the conduct and conversation of this sample of transatlantic humanity, appeared to be unqualified disgust with—Christopher Columbus—for having discovered America !"

Poor, poor Columbus !—thus to have lost the recompense of all his labors and sacrifice of his genius, by the verdict of six " modest, well-bred, Christian-like and sensible " British gentlemen. Alas, alas, poor Kit Colon !

Again, in the same work for December, 1841, in an article on the " United States," we find the following specimens of " British modesty," " British valor," and " British truth " :—" But the epithet ' immortal,' applied to Washington, is not just in any other sense than as it may be applied to any other successful *culprit.*" " If ever man was a *rebel*, that man was George Washington." " It is impossible to reconcile Washington's conduct with *honor,*" and that " he was the slave of an unconscientious ambition," etc. etc. Fine language this for a " modest and well-bred " gentleman to write—some hireling penny-a-liner, and base bootlick to the nobility—perhaps a " well-bred " descendant of Nell Gwynne—perhaps some portly and honest soap-maker's accidental heir, forever prating about " noble blood, divine right, the vulgarity of republicanism, the landed interests," &c. There are packs of such puppies, following the heels of the English nobility. A few of them write for the Tory journals habitually.

This article very fairly hits off one exhibition of our inherited national vanity, in our 4th of July " figures of speech, screamings of the American Eagle, and blotting out of the American Stars." These foibles are on a par and of a piece with " rousings of the British Lion," \* \* \* " but the world-famous valor of the British troops," &c. &c.—just as silly, as conceited, and as contemptible !

But the last of these examples of " British modesty " is to come yet—" The blowing down of the walls of Acre, in a three hours' fire, *settled the matter at once,* proved the wisdom of taking time, the folly of having New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, *burned* in the third part of the time it had taken to settle the question at Acre ; and though McLeod was seized, thrown into prison, and threatened to be hanged, there was no war." It is said that when the Jury came to that part of the testimony about blowing up an Acre of walls in three hours, they immediately bawled out " Not Guilty," and instantly scampered off through fear that their houses would be burnt up by " British valor," and their goods plundered by " British honesty and modesty " combined. How fortunate for the peace of the two countries that the Jury did not hear of the

entire destruction of a British Army by the guilty barbarians of Affghanistan ! They might have deceived themselves into a supposition that British troops were not invincible in an invasion of others' territory. McLeod would certainly have been found guilty with that rebutting testimony.

Mr. Editor, since writing the above (which has been mislaid for two months), I have seen remarks in the April number of the Southern Literary Messenger, so much more sensible and better tempered than these of mine, in regard to this attack on Gen. Washington, that I had determined to withhold this entire article. And I send it now, out of season as it has all become, only to commend those remarks to the attention of Englishmen and Americans.

You see I have left the *stable* and ventured into nobler edifices. I suspect both you and your *readers* think my former class of subjects full high enough for  
Yours truly,                      ETA.

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## SALMON FISHING IN GOLD RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA.

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BY PISCATOR.

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"SALMON-FISHING, or that kind of fishing requiring most art, may be said to characterise man in his highest or intellectual state ; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties ; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of water, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature ; amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from amongst the higher ranges of the hills.

"How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odors of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy ; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee ; and on the surface of the water to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout and salmon are watching them from below."—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

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THE Province of Nova Scotia is, *par excellence*, the domain of the Angler. From its great inequality of surface and geological formation ; particularly the long parallel ridges, trending from North to South, which form eight-tenths of its area—innumerable lakes dot the country in all directions, which generally communi-



cate with each other, and end in a considerable river. In all these Trout abound, whilst Salmon run up from the sea in most of the streams; and the Province, happily for the Angler, not being yet very populous, enough of those noble fish find their way up the rivers to afford him good sport. I am afraid, however, that this Saturnian age will not be of long continuance, and that the finny natives of the country, like the other American aborigines, must soon be sadly thinned, or disappear altogether before advancing settlement and population.

Having heard a good report of a Salmon stream, called *Gold River*, about sixty miles to the westward of Halifax, a party of four Officers of this Garrison was formed to visit it as early as the first run of salmon should take place. One of the number who had fished at the place several times before, volunteered to proceed as our avant-courier, in the month of March, to secure us the shelter of a house of some description; the idea of living in a tent, so early in the season, not being altogether agreeable. Our *partie quarrée* consisted of Major General Sir J—h D—n, Captain C—y, Mr. A—n, and myself.

We reached our Head Quarters, a farm house on a pretty creek of Chester Basin, on the evening of Saturday, the 23d of April; and found that our eatables and drinkables and other heavy baggage, which were sent by water, had already arrived. The house had been vacated for our accommodation, and there was no furniture; but we borrowed a few chairs and tables, and the servants soon shook down our Buffalo skins and blankets in the nooks and corners appropriated to each.

Soon after our arrival an Indian made his appearance with a salmon, which was plunged into boiling water, and in half an hour we were regaling on its curdy and delicious flakes. After a temperate quantum of what the learned term "diffusible stimulus," and the common people "whisky punch," with the accompaniment of a cigar or two, we retired to rest.

Next morning, being Sunday, we strolled towards the river after breakfast, which was distant a mile and a half, with the object of ascertaining the nature of the *locale*, and the character of the stream, before commencing operations on the following day. We found it a very fine stream—bold and rapid, and considerably flooded—the water having that clear, brownish tint so full of promise to the fisher. A wooden bridge crosses the river two or three hundred yards above the tide; and we found that the fishing-ground reached from this to the Falls, in successive streams, eddies, and holes, a distance of about three miles.

We discovered a small camp of *Mic-Mac* Indians near the bridge, who migrate every summer to Gold River, during the fishing season, from the neighborhood of Windsor. These Indians are the lords of the soil here; a grant of some hundred acres of land having been made to them by Government about thirty years ago, with a view of leading them to agricultural habits. This has been only attended with partial success, for it is not easy to wean the red man from his peculiar tastes; and moreover, the land here is

poor. But the condition of these people is prosperous—they possess some good land near Windsor, fatten bullocks for the Halifax market, and come here every summer to catch salmon; partly to cure and smoke them—which they do admirably—but chiefly, I suspect, for the enjoyment such pastime affords them, as amateur fishermen, uniting the *utile* with the *dulce*. Of one of them, at least, I can say—“*omne tulit punc-Tom*.” Excuse the pun, Tom; but poor Tom only shines in Mic-Mac,—

“*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulce*”

We found this identical Indian, whom I have apostrophized by anticipation, fishing with a rod at the bridge, and two or three squaws were exulting over a salmon he had just killed. As this person, yclept *Tom Copp*, is destined to cut a figure in this narrative, I may as well describe him briefly—indeed, considering that he is only five feet high, I could not well describe him in any other way. At some not remote period there must have been a cross, legal or illegal, between our little hero's ancestor or ancestors, and some Esquimaux tribe; for the low stature, square build, broad fishy face, and shark-like mouth of this hyperborean race, distinguished Mr. Thomas from his Mic-Mac brethren here, who were generally tall, and some of them fine-looking men. From this diminutive tribe, too, in all probability, Tom Copp inherited his skill and luck in fishing, his rare appetite, his love of dogs, his amphibiousness, his abhorrence of cleanliness, and several other good qualities.

Be this as it may, the active little Mic-Mac soon gave us a taste of his quality as an angler. Shortly after our arrival at the bridge, whilst gazing from the battlement at the rapid stream raging and foaming through the arches, we saw him hook a salmon with the fly immediately above. After some violent struggles and leaps the fish took down the stream, under an arch, and Tom's line being run out to the last turn of the reel, he gallantly followed. It appeared doubtful for half a minute whether the fisherman would not be obliged to take to swimming, like his quarry, for the torrent was deep and powerful; but by dint of clinging with his nails, or talons, to the masonry of the pier, and scrambling and jumping from one rock to another, he at length emerged at the lower side of the bridge, with the salmon still firm on his line. Here new difficulties met him. The line got foul of a large tree that had been carried down by the flood, and the exertions of the active fish threatened to break it every moment. Again Mr. Tom committed himself to the stream—disengaged his tackle, and after a long and brilliant struggle, at length secured his fish.

Previous to setting to work on the Monday morning we found it expedient to engage an Indian attendant each, as well to neutralize his rival fishing, as to secure a guide to the best holes. Two of my companions chose *Jonny* and *Jemmy*—fine-looking Mic-Macs, of high character as skilful rod-fishers; but as Tom Copp had only begun to fish with the fly the season before, he seemed to be

somewhat in the back ground, notwithstanding the illustrious passage at arms (and legs) that had just taken place. However, having a presentiment that Tom would prove a valuable acquisition, I enlisted him on the spot, and promoted him at once to be my principal aide-de-camp and quartermaster-general.

We were all early afoot on Monday morning the 25th of April, and the dawn broke on me walking on the bridge, watching my arms, lying against the battlement, like a Paladin, blowing my benumbed fingers, and waiting until Tom Copp should emerge from an adjoining wigwam. At length he protruded his shaggy and coal black head, gave a slight "heugh!" and was soon by my side.

Gold River has only been fished with the rod about nine years, and one of our party, C——y, had been amongst the first fishermen. His descriptions of the glorious sport then enjoyed by the primitive anglers, *vulgò dicere*, made our mouths water, when contrasted with the comparative paucity of fish at the present day. For six or seven years the Indians confined themselves to the net and the spear; but latterly they began to copy the proceedings of the white fishermen, and some of them are now learned in the mysteries of the fly and the rod. The thickly wooded banks of the river were sadly in the way of the first fishers; but many trees have been cut down, and good stands cleared at the best fishing spots. Immediately below the Falls, which are very fine, is a circular excavation called "*Cumberland basin*," in itself a beautiful piece of water, affording good fishing. Next to this there is another excellent stand, called "*The Point*." A little way further down is "*Ince's hole*," so called from a Commissariat officer, who in the good old times killed fourteen salmon there in one day. Below this famous spot are several good streams, ending in "*Oak Pool*," a stand of great merit. In descending the river by the left bank from this point to "*Salmon hole*," at the head of the meadow, the stream is very rapid; but there are three or four eddies behind large rocks where one is pretty sure of finding fish. The meadow is a strip of alluvial land, extending three quarters of a mile above the bridge, where the current is strong, and contains a number of large boulders, each of which affords in its wake a convenient resting place for the salmon in ascending the stream. Close to the bridge, and down to the brackish water, are several good points, where, when the river is high, fish are often caught.

My Indian ally and I first tried the meadow, up to Salmon hole, but without seeing anything, for Tom said "Him no rise yet—him cold." On returning towards the bridge, I noticed one fine eddy behind a rock, which indeed we had fished before, but I thought it probable, as the sun had now risen, that the fish would be on the move, and therefore suspected some traveller might halt here to take breath. At the first cast of my fly a large salmon dashed at it greedily, but missed it. The unmeaning countenance of Tom Copp would have been a study for a painter at that instant: for its vacuity and phlegm suddenly merged into an expression of intelligence and the keenest interest. The small black eyes sparkled,



and the face became that of a lynx preparing for a spring on his prey, whilst he exclaimed, under a mistaken apprehension that I would cover the fish too soon, "Give him time! give him time!"

Due time (which, be it known to the fishing fraternity, is one minute,) was given, and *Mr. Salmo Salar* was permitted to resume his position near the bottom, when the fly was again lightly cast over him. He seized it, I struck and hooked him, when he made a desperate run up the stream, across and down the stream, and then commenced a course of most active dancing and leaping; whilst he was furnished with all the music that my reel could yield. All this time the Mic-Mac watched the proceedings with a critical eye, and although absorbed in the sport, I could not help smiling at his strange advice, when he feared I was pressing the fish too much—"Let him go! let him go!" nor rejoining "I'll see you hanged first, Tom." After much lively play the salmon was adroitly gaffed; it was a fish of thirteen pounds, in prime season.

Our party met at breakfast at ten o'clock. Seven hours' active exercise in a cold morning gave a peculiar zest to the meal; and ardent and persevering were our attacks on friend Salmon, a colossal veal pie, and a mighty round of beef, to say nothing of parallelograms of toast without number, and fresh eggs by the dozen. I make no account of liquids, and therefore shall slur over the four or five gallons of tea and coffee expended on the occasion.

Some of the quadrumvirate resumed the fishing soon after breakfast, but others took a siesta, and went to the river at two o'clock. It was agreed that we should dine at eight, and that each of us—catch him how we might, by hook or by crook—should furnish a salmon in turn for dinner.

We were all busy at the river side till dusk, but our first day's sport was very inconsiderable—being only three fish—though we hooked and lost several. At dinner each of us had his own "misery" to tell. Our worthy chief had not seen a fish. C——y had *all but* caught three—A——n had had four rises, but it was no go; and as for myself, although I had secured three, I *ought* to have bagged or basketed half-a-dozen. However, one unquestionable salmon, the produce of our sport, was smoking on the table, and to it we set with the appetite of Harpies; whilst the cold round and the pie looming in high relief on the side table, (an inverted wooden box,) supplanted in due time the *debris* of the fish.

We had, of course, a *rechauffée* of our dinner conversation over our grog and cigars; such repetition being conceded by universal suffrage to sportsmen of all grades and descriptions, with only this proviso, that no two versions of the same exploit should exactly tally. And I believe this point was carefully attended to by three-fourths of our number; but as to the General, he had a very unsportsmanlike habit of sticking pertinaciously to the same story, as if it was a military position. With respect to the rest, we usually found our lost fish increasing in size as the evening advanced—then the French saying, which my old ally *Louis Dayrée* of the river *Jacques Cartier* used so often to quote, was very applicable—"Le poisson qu'on manque est toujours gros." One lucky salmon,

that had been hooked the first day and escaped, weighed thirteen pounds at dinner, was fully fifteen by the close of the second cigar, and I doubt not would have reached twenty in the course of the evening, if we had not gone early to bed.

On approaching Oak Pool, along the left bank of the river, on the second day of our fishing, I found that C——y had hooked a salmon, which took down the powerful rapid at the lower end of the hole. Having accidentally hurt his knee, C——y was unable to pursue the fish along a most impracticable bank, as the water was high; he therefore gave the rod to Jonny, his clever Indian henchman, who plunged at once up to his middle in the water, and followed the fish as fast as he could down the stream. At one place a long fir tree had fallen into the river and extended half across: threatening to nonplus Mr. Jonny. No such thing. Jonny waded and floundered out to the farthest branch, and conducted the salmon safely round it. Again, two rocks stood up like obelisks in the middle of the stream—the Indian manœuvred to lead his fish between them, and to hoist his line clear of the nearer rock. Lower down was a large rock, with a fallen tree athwart it, in whose branches the line stuck fast; and here I thought Jonny must inevitably lose his fish. But I underrated the dexterity of an Indian; for he cleverly overcame this difficulty also; and on C——y coming up, returned him the rod when the salmon was gaffed. It turned out only ten pounds in weight, but had been hooked by the tail, which gave it three-fold force, and enabled it to drag Jonny down the river, nolens volens.

Salmon have bad memories, and I recollect in my boyish days catching one on a Monday, in a hole where I had hooked a fish on the Saturday previous, which carried off my fly. On inspecting the mouth of the captive, I found my lost fly sticking in it, by the side of the fly that had just caught him. An incident somewhat similar occurred to C——y during this trip. He hooked a fish which felt very heavy, and took the liberty of sailing off with his fly and a piece of his casting line. Two days afterwards he caught the same fish, a little higher up the river, with the identical fly firm in his side.

At our second dinner, and throughout the remainder during our visit, there was more general satisfaction in talking over the adventures of the day, for our success had been more balanced, and we had all been tolerably lucky, killing many fine fish. The salmon tasted as well as at first to two of the party, but the other two were beginning to exclaim, or to look, "*toujours perdrix!*" As for myself, I have the misfortune to be, on all similar occasions, so far as salmon is concerned, a most persevering and inveterate ichthyophagist; and I believe the Major General demonstrated at Gold River, a similar heretical taste. In fact I estimate very lightly the man who wantonly abandons a classical dish! for such a person can never be a firm friend. What patriotic Englishman ever turned his back on a sirloin, or abjured a rump steak, or declined plum pudding and minced pies in their season? What Scot since those that bled with Wallace has ever vituperated a

haggis or sheep's head? I might easily run over all civilized nations, connecting them indissolubly with their national dishes—but I forbear.

I am not about to inflict on your readers a full diary of our proceedings, but shall confine myself to the chief incidents.

One day my aide-de-camp, Tom Copp, and myself, went up the river to Oak Pool, where, after a few casts, I hooked a good fish. When he had been played properly, I brought him near the shore, where Mr. Tom stood, gaff in hand, ready to receive him. I had the salmon close to his feet, but after making three futile attempts to gaff, the fish dashed out into the middle of the river and plunged violently. Tom looked very foolish, grinning with extraordinary vacuity when I rated him for his unusual awkwardness—indeed, he had hitherto gaffed brilliantly. At last my henchman bethought him of looking at the gaff, "where gaff was none," for it had been wrenched from its fastenings and carried off by the fish. Luckily the wounded salmon continued fast on the hook; and when, after a little more play, it was once more brought to the edge, Tom seized it by the tail, pulled the gaff out of the poor fish's side, and held it up to my notice, with a visible expression of face worthy of an ogre.

Another day, after breakfast, I proceeded alone to a favorite stream beneath a rugged bank of the river, where the fishing was very difficult from the overhanging trees, the rapidity of the stream, and the number of huge boulders amongst which it wound. Under these circumstances, and deprived of Tom Copp's services, it might be inconvenient to hook a large salmon, who, no doubt, would avail himself of the difficulties of my position, and entrench himself behind some protecting rock. However, I dared the combat and threw out my fly as a gauntlet. The gage was soon taken up; for scarcely had the simulated insect alighted on the water when a huge mouth swallowed it, and I found I had got hold of a tartar. The salmon first shook his head gently, as if he wished to get rid of the strange string in his jaw by fair means—then more hurriedly and violently. After these ineffectual attempts he got into a passion, and made a running leap of six feet into the air, followed instantly by a succession of seven or eight more; all the while striking the line most scientifically with his tail, as if he had just been reading a chapter in dynamics. At length, on finding that this course of saltation was useless and exhausting, he rushed out into the middle of the main stream, brought his right shoulder forward, and away he went down the river at the rate of twenty knots an hour; whilst from my peculiar position I could not follow him without plumping up to my chin. When nearly a hundred yards of line had run out, occupying two seconds, the fish shot to his left, described a fine curve in the rapid stream, and brought up in the wake of a large rock. There he remained immovable, notwithstanding all my efforts—like Marshal Soult behind the Garonne, before the battle of Thoulouse.

Now, I was so situated that I could not move down the bank without making a turn to my left, which would wind my line around



the rock, where the salmon lay recruiting his strength, and an intermediate boulder also. Thus circumstanced, I had no alternative but to remain where I stood, keep him well in hand, long for 'Tom Copp, and trust to the chapter of accidents.

It was a part of the river seldom visited by any body but myself, from the great difficulty of approach; there was therefore little hope of assistance from any brother-angler. But when things are at the worst we know what a pleasant turn they sometimes take, and so it proved now; for on looking up the bank a fisher hove in sight a quarter of a mile distant. I instantly made a signal of distress, which he acknowledged promptly, and came running to my assistance: he then waded along a ledge and a fallen tree to the rock, and gaffed the salmon—a fine fat fish of sixteen pound. The friendly brother of the angle is Colonel C——n, M.P.P., to whom I here offer my public thanks; wishing him all imaginable luck, both on the banks of Gold River and in the Provincial Parliament.

About the end of the first week the General and C——y were a little discomfited by losing the services of their Indian attendants. The *measles* attacked the camp of the Mic-Macs, and poor Jonny and Jemmy were put hors de combat as fishermen. Fortunately one of our party was a medical man. He used to amuse us by accounts of the insatiable and most uncivilized fondness of his patients here for the few simple articles of the pharmacopœia he had brought with him; but of course they will get rid of this, like other traits of barbarism, as they become more enlightened. One box of pills was a "grand medicine,"—conveniently enough, for he said there was little else; but the sick Mic-Macs wished to be helped on the Morrisonian principle, in doses of ten or twelve pills at once—a greediness of galenicals quite inconsistent with the limited contents of the box. They all did well.

From one plague of Anglers on this Continent we were quite exempt—there were no flies—but as a counterbalance it was generally very cold in the morning—our wet lines were once or twice frozen to the rods, and the frigid wading was by no means agreeable, if no salmon rose, but with good luck no inconvenience of any kind ever annoys a good fisher. The "*triplex robur*" of the poet is pasteboard compared with the stuff he ought to be made off.

During our stay at the river we lunched twice after the Indian fashion—once near the head of the meadow, and again at Ince's hole; on both occasions we had a salmon roasted. The process is this. A large fire is made at some pleasant spot on the bank, generally near some good fishing ground. A salmon, fresh caught, is split open, cleaned, and the back bone is taken out. It is then spitted longitudinally on a piece of wood, with three or four skewers across, and the spit is thrust into the ground before the fire. First one side is done, and then the other, and when the whole roast is accomplished, the fish and spit are put on a birch bark dish, and placed on the knees of the master of the feast. The inexpressibles of the angling brotherhood ought not to be offended at salmon fat, therefore if a little exudes, unless it is scalding, it is of no consequence.



The correct mode on such occasions is to eat with the fingers but we used forks ; and moreover, instead of imitating our Mic-Mac friends (who are all teetotallers) in lapping from the river, each man produced his bottle of porter from his pocket, handed his Indian attendant a foot or two of tobacco, and then complacently lighted his own cigar. All this time a second salmon was roasting for our red staff, and certain bottles of tea, prepared for their use, were distributed amongst them. These poor people appeared to enjoy their meal vastly, cramming their capacious mouths with long portions of the fish, dropped in endways, as the Neapolitans eat macaroni ; and as for Mr. Thomas Copp, who possessed great natural advantages for this, he pitched in the fragrant flakes at a rate that distanced all competition.

The coast of Nova Scotia to the East and West of our domicile is very beautiful : the bays and arms of the sea are bold, and run into the country in graceful sweeps, creeks, and sinuosities, whilst their bases are thickly studded with wooded, cultivated, and picturesque islands. To our left was the fine expanse of *Mahone* Bay, with the guardian *Tamcook* Islands as bulwarks from southerly winds. Immediately in our front was Chester Basin, with its tiny archipelago of islets, amongst which numerous flocks of wild fowl sported ; whilst far to the right was seen the peninsula covering Lunenburg and the opening of its fine harbor.

This part of the Province was colonized by Germans and Swiss, in 1760. The people appear to be in comfortable circumstances, and in the possession of a large share of agricultural happiness and independence. The soil here, as generally throughout Nova Scotia, is thin and stony ; but there are numerous rich *intervals* of alluvial land among the streams and rivers ; and even on the slopes of the most rugged hills good crops are yielded, after the somewhat Herculean task of removing the rocks and stones is accomplished. We found the farmers extremely civil and by no means wanting in intelligence ; and had reason to believe that, in point of moral conduct, the inhabitants along the southern shore do not come short of the high standard of morals attained by the modern Acadians generally. Gross crime is unknown—the doors of dwelling houses and barns and stables are never locked ; and our tempting gear, of a quality never seen here before, probably, stood leaning against the fence enclosing the yard, close to the high road, day and night. A legal gentleman of Lunenburg informed me that at the half yearly assizes of that place, embracing a population of more than fifty thousand people, there were scarcely ever more than one or two criminal cases ; and the highest law authority here assured me that this is equally true of every other Circuit in the Province. In fact the Nova Scotians are eminent in point of morality ; and I can myself bear witness that their rising capital, Halifax, contains the most orderly and quiet population of any town in which it has been my fortune to sojourn during a sufficiently wandering life.

*Mais revenons a nos moutons*, although our literal *moutons* do not deserve it ; for those which our friend C——y had purchased for

us consisted, without a figure, of nothing but wool and skin, and bone and horns, and were only fit to make meagre broth, when the bones were well pounded to extract the marrow. About the end of the second week we found that rounds of beef and veal pies, however vast, will not last forever, exposed to the assaults of four hungry fishermen and their servants, white and red, however eked out by the friendly salmon. There was nothing but eggs and potatoes to be had in the neighborhood—cocks and hens were all papas and mammas, or infinitesimally small children—ditto ganders and geese—ditto ducks and drakes, and lambs were yet uneatably infantile. An innocent calf, indeed, of the genus "staggering Bob," having come to an untimely end, we obtained a side of the veal, which kept us alive two days. At length we found ourselves under the necessity of visiting Chester one day in quest of a dinner, which we ate at Smith's comfortable Inn, in the pleasant society of two brother anglers of our acquaintance, who had their Head Quarters there. When about to start for home, A——n, like an excellent purveyor, bethought him of visiting the larder, where he found the remains of the dinner. He pounced upon a leg of roast pork, a breast of veal, and three-fourths of a ham, and remorselessly carried off these "*spolia opima*," telling the bereaved Mrs. Smith to add them to the bill.

Towards the close of the third week the fishing had considerably fallen off—the first run of large fish was nearly over, and so many fishers were exercising their vocation in all directions, that it was no easy matter to catch a salmon. At this time the poor fish were sadly persecuted, and it was a very lucky individual who steered clear of the four or five tiers of nets on each side of the mouth of the river, escaped from Tom Copp at the bridge, evaded the spears of the other Indians along the meadow, and the flies of thirteen or fourteen rod-fishers threshing the water up the stream, and successfully ran the gauntlet past the nets at Cumberland Pool, and at the bottom of the falls. Moreover, we found we had now enough of exercise and amusement. Rising at three or four o'clock in the morning, and twisting and twining every muscle in the body amidst rocks and jungle, full of the horrid American thorn, and floundering in the water amphibiously till ten, and again from two till dusk, might be admirable training for a pugilist, or a runner against time, but was somewhat *de trop* for grave and steady gentlemen of fifty, or even younger people. Consequently, on the morning of Sunday, the 15th of May—the rest of which day, and all our Sundays, was most refreshing to our weary limbs—we resolved to start for Halifax, via Windsor, the next morning, after first trying to catch a fish or two to take home with us.

But the fates were adverse. The morning was cold and wet, and the salmon lazy. I rose one but he would not stir a second time. A——n hooked two and lost them. C——y after a cast or two went to bed. And our excellent chief had the mortification to lose a fine fish, after long play, by the bungling of his Indian attendant, who was the only bungler in the camp.

A list of the fish killed daily by each of us, with their weight,

had been regularly kept, and hung over the mantel piece of our mess room. On summing up, they amounted to 114, weighing about 1100 pounds, which was an average of ten pounds a piece. We had caught several fine salmon of fourteen and fifteen pounds, full of marine strength and vigor, with the parasitic insects of the salt water still adhering to their skin; and on the whole had passed the three weeks most agreeably. An utilitarian philosopher might shrug his skinny shoulders and deride our useless waste of time and labor, but we could afford to laugh at the criticism of the cynic. Our party had recruited their health and spirits by early hours and hard exercise, after the ennui and confinement of a tedious and cheerless winter. We had enjoyed to the utmost an innocent, an absorbing, and a delightful amusement. We had harmonized like brothers; and though last not least, we had in our little way, by acts of courtesy and kindness towards the remnant of an underrated but most interesting family of mankind, strengthened the tie connecting them with civilization, and thus promoted their best interests.

A tinge of pensiveness akin to melancholy shades the mind on leaving the scene of recent enjoyment, and I believe we all felt something like this when tying up our fishing rods and parting with the Mic-Macs. As for my friend Tom Copp, he and I had virtually concluded a treaty offensive and defensive—or rather, he swore allegiance to me on all future occasions of visiting Gold River, and promised to come to see me at Halifax. Perceiving that his much worn blanket coat was become a coat of mail, with the incrustated blood of a hecatomb of salmon, and that his other nondescript garments were in most miserable plight, I indued his squat figure with a cast-off fishing jacket, waistcoat, and trowsers, presented him with divers superannuated pairs of shoes and stockings, and placed a straw hat, wreathed round with flies and casting lines, on his greasy head. I then dismissed him with a present in money. I hope this active Mic-Mac will not entertain any unseemly feelings of vanity in his new dress; though of this I have some doubts, for Tom's wardrobe is now beyond all question the first in his tribe.

PISCATOR.

Halifax, N. S., May 26, 1842 —[New York "Albion."]

## A VOICE FROM "VIENNA."

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR SIR: "The Duke of Vincentio" sends love and greeting to his old friend "Gamma." He reminds him of his jeer, some twelve months past, that "even he [Boston] would prefer that his friend from Vienna should cypher him into the thirties." To which the Duke boldly replied (page 424, vol. xii.) "*This can and has been done*, with Northern weights, and 126lb., too, about as clearly

demonstrated as  $2+2=4$ ; *even anterior to the extraordinary achievement of Grey Medoc, so regarded by me.* Coming down to a mere canter, after all competition had ceased, in the fourth mile," [which Boston, I now believe, might *then* have run in  $1:53\frac{1}{2}$ , that would have enabled him to have run four miles on the Union Course in  $7:30\frac{1}{2}$ ] "and closing the heat in  $7:40$ , clearly proves to my mind that Boston could then have *readily* run the four miles in  $7:35$ , or *even less time*, had he been 'called on.'" When called on by Fashion, in "the sear of the yellow leaf," at nine years old, with 126lb., has he not responded to  $7:32\frac{1}{2}$ ? An earlier call might have caused a more wonderful answer. But let that pass: Boston has filled the measure of his glory. Whether his victor is to rival his career to her ninth year, remains to be seen.

"A LOOKER ON IN VIENNA."

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## On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

*Resumed from the last Number of the "Turf Register," page 396.*

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### ON PHYSIC.

I SHALL now proceed to point out the different ways of preparing the bodies of strong constitutioned horses, prior to giving them physic. I shall also speak of the effects of the medicine on their constitutions; and by what means such horses become refreshed from its use; and although I may recommend strong physic to be given to some few of them, yet I beg leave to observe, that I am by no means an advocate for giving strong physic generally. Nor do I approve of the practice of giving dose after dose to some lusty horses before they have been put into training, and with only the interval of a week or eight days between each dose; which was much the custom with grooms when I was first in the stable. When craving horses are become stale, from the causes already mentioned, and when sufficient time cannot be allowed to refresh them by long rest, it becomes necessary to attain this point by the use of physic alone; and then it becomes necessary not only to purge such horses, but to purge them briskly; that is, the medicine beginning to operate early in the morning, should, with the aid of exercise, continue to purge them freely, at intervals, until the shutting up of the stables the last thing at night, when it should shew some appearance of setting, and it should be perfectly set on the following morning. Nor must the groom be disappointed, if it can possibly be avoided, as to the time of its operating: his being



disappointed in this respect would most likely be a loss of time ; I mean, it would prevent his bringing his horse well to post at the meeting he intended.

Now, when a groom is going to physic any given number of his horses, he must, as I have already noticed, regulate the quantity of aloes he intends giving in each dose, according to the strength of the constitution of different horses ; for although they may all be what is generally termed strong craving horses, yet there will be some variation in this respect ! It is therefore more difficult to get the medicine to act on some than on others ; but, in regard to this matter, the groom must be guided by the observations he may have made on the working and feeding of his horses, and according to the difficulty he anticipates in the purging of one horse more than in the purging of another ; so will he make his arrangements in preparing each horse for his physic.

On the day previous to giving them their physic, it is necessary with a view, in some measure, to relax their bowels, that they should be kept during the day on mashes, with a small quantity of hay : and at night they should be sparingly fed with it. Let them have half of their usual quantity : some would be much better without any hay ; and such of them as are much inclined to eat their bedding, should have their setting muzzles put on them. On the following morning each horse should have a double-handful of mash given him ; and after each has eaten this portion, they should be got ready and taken out to walking exercise, for a couple or three hours. By taking these precautions,—preparing them with a mash or two the evening before, and keeping them over night short of hay—the next morning while at exercise, they empty themselves, and their bowels become relaxed ; and when they return to the stables, their physic should be immediately given them ; and the following morning, it is more than probable, the whole of them will be found to purge in due time, with a less quantity of aloes than was generally given to such horses. The groom may add half a drachm or even a drachm of aloes to the quantity to be given to such horse as he is of opinion may be more difficult to purge than the rest ; and he may keep him out a little longer than usual at walking exercise, so that he may be more empty when he comes in ; and instead of giving him the whole dose of physic at one time, let the ball be divided ;—give one half immediately on his coming into the stable, and the other half at six o'clock in the evening. This method of giving the physic, with the strength of it a little increased, will be found to answer the purpose of purging almost any horse. The quantity of Barbadoes aloes used in each dose of physic for craving horses prepared as I have here directed, should average from five to seven drachms. It was usual to give ten drachms to these horses, and the same portion was sometimes given to lusty craving colts ; but there is risk in giving this quantity to horses thus prepared. When a groom has not a thorough knowledge of a horse's constitution, it would be advisable for him first to make trial of one or the other of the first mentioned portions of aloes, in preference to adminis-

tering either of the two last, to a horse which he may not have physicked before. There is another method practised by training-grooms in the purging of their horses, with a view not only to get the medicine to operate on horses difficult to purge, but also with a view to lighten them of their superfluous flesh; and as it was one by which they almost invariably succeeded, I have no doubt that many occasionally adhere to this old practice, when they find horses putting up flesh so very rapidly as some of them will do, notwithstanding the strong work which is generally given them.

A groom, finding it difficult, by the means generally adopted, to keep such a horse in proper form, to come a long length at a racing pace, gives him a dose of physic on the morning he sweats, in order to lighten him of his flesh, as well as to take the staleness out of him which the work has occasioned.

It is customary over night or very early in the morning, to set this sort of horse for his sweat, and in the morning he is clothed up, and goes over the sweating ground, for the length and at the pace the groom directs. The horse, after being pulled up, is brought in and turned round in the stall, and the customary portion of clothing is then thrown on him, which occasions the horse to discharge most profusely through the pores of his skin for ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour. He is afterwards scraped, dressed, and clothed up, by which time his respiration and pulse have become tranquil. His physic is now given him, and he is then sent out to take the usual gallop, which it is customary for horses to take after sweating. This gallop, I shall by and bye endeavor to prove, may, in some instances, be advantageously dispensed with. The horse, after taking his gallop, is brought into the stable, is well dressed, comfortably clothed, and treated as is usual on such occasions; but from the length of time he has been set, and from the profuse manner in which he has been sweated, he is very anxious for his food and water, both of which are given him as directed by the groom; but as he is generally inclined to take more freely of the latter than the former, it promotes the operation of the medicine; and a light dose of physic, of six or seven drachms, given to a horse thus prepared, seldom or ever fails in purging him freely the following morning, when he may be walked out, and treated as circumstances may require. Now, although this method of physicking horses may appear to many of my readers as rather resorting to strong measures to get the medicine to act, yet, if the physic is not given too strong, no danger is to be apprehended. But notwithstanding this, there is an objection to this mode of physicking a horse; for by producing two such formidable evacuations, immediately following each other, I have known them carried to such an extent, as now and then materially to affect the constitution. It is true the groom has obtained his point. By setting, sweating, and physicking, he has brought the horse very light; but from such treatment, (more particularly should the physic have been given a little too strong), a horse becomes too much debilitated; and were not such horses hearty feeders, they would be a long time recovering their former

strength: I should therefore recommend grooms not to have recourse to this mode of physicking horses oftener than they can possibly avoid.

Having thus spoken of the necessity there is of giving physic to craving strong horses, I shall now proceed to point out the advantages obtained from the effects it produces on the constitutions of such horses.

A horse of the above description may have a dose of physic given him a short period before he runs: it may be given in place of his sweat. If it appears that he has become stale, from the work he has been doing, only observe to let him have the brushing gallop, usual on the morning previous to his sweat; and if the time be judiciously chosen by the groom who trains him, the horse will derive great benefit from the operation of it; for, from the stimulating effects of the physic in promoting the various secretions of the stomach, intestines, and the different glands of the body, and from its also increasing, by the aid of exercise, the peristaltic motion of the bowels, the whole mass of those fluids become so rapidly removed by evacuation, as to cause very considerable absorption to take place throughout the whole system. From this circumstance, some little debility will, of course, arise; but, as the horse is of a strong constitution, and is invariably a good feeder, he soon recovers from the weakness resulting from the operation of the medicine. His general habit of body, as well as his legs, will have become much cooled and refreshed; indeed, it will be perceived very shortly after the physic has begun to work, that the horse's legs have become clean, cool, and in shape; and, to a certain extent, he is, both inside and out, lightened of his flesh. In those two instances, the physic will, with the exception of two points—length and wind,—have produced the same advantages as a sweat would have done; and if the horse is afterwards allowed a sufficient time to be at walking exercise, merely for him to recover his appetite, he soon becomes invigorated. The change produced on the horse's constitution from the effects of the medicine, will have improved him in a most extraordinary way. This will, in a very short time, be perceptible in his fresh and hearty appearance when at exercise. If the groom do but regulate the horse's work properly, during the interval of time between the setting of the physic and the day the horse has to run, there is no doubt but that he will come to post in good form.

Having offered such observations on the preparing of strong horses for their physic, and having also made such precautionary remarks as to the quantity of aloes to be administered to such horses, as I hope may in future prevent grooms from falling into errors, I shall now proceed to give directions on the physicking of horses of a more delicate constitution. I allude to such of them as have more speed, are more lengthy, and are lighter in their carcasses. They generally run short distances, require less work in training, and are therefore much sooner got ready to run than craving horses. Consequently, these light horses are not so liable to become stale, either in condition, or on their legs; and to a



certain extent, many such horses would be much better without physic. This being the case, it is necessary I should make some distinction between those which may at times require physic, and those which may not; and this distinction I shall make, by dividing them into three classes. The class of which I intend now to treat, may be called the second class. I should term them (to use the language of the groom) light-hearted horses. This term is applied to such of them as are generally hearty and playsome when out at exercise; and as far as regards their constitutions, they are horses which may be considered to be in the medium between the very craving horse and the light one. This middle class of horses certainly require to have physic given them, but they do not require it so strong, nor so repeatedly, as the first class of horses do, which have been the principal subject of consideration in this chapter. This second class of horses may be prepared for their physic much the same as horses in common use, by giving them two or three mashes the day previous, and at night keeping them short of hay.

The quantity of aloes necessary to produce the desired effect of purging these horses will certainly never require to be increased beyond five or six drachms. The same directions may be followed for their treatment during the time that their physic is working off, as is recommended for such horses in the preceding chapter.

I now proceed to the third class. These are horses to which various terms are applied by grooms, to express the delicacy of their constitutions, dispositions, or tempers. Some of them are termed "light and weedy," meaning that they are lengthy and light in their carcasses; some of them are termed "nervous;" others, "irritable;" and some again are called "flighty." These terms are certainly very applicable to many of this class of horses. But it is to be supposed, that our breed of race-horses has been much improved within these last twenty years, as to strength of constitution, or at least, that this ought to have been the case, therefore there may not be quite so many of these delicate horses in training now as formerly; yet as there may be a few of them now and then put in training, it is necessary that I should make a few remarks on the physicking of such horses. As they are invariably very delicate horses, they are seldom or ever engaged to run but in short races, consequently they require but little work in training; and as there is not much waste or spare to come off them, they are generally better without either sweating or physicking. Grooms were formerly very much inclined to physic all descriptions of horses placed under their care; and I myself was much addicted to this practice when a groom. If grooms are still inclined to purge horses of this description, I should advise its being done by giving the horse small portions of aloes—say a drachm morning and evening. A delicate horse will seldom take more than three or four drachms at most, before his bowels will have become affected. The medicine should then be discontinued. There will be no necessity for giving mashes to a horse, by way

of preparing him previously to administering small balls of aloes ; and during the period of his taking them, he may go to exercise every day. This will assist the action of the medicine, which may, in that case, be given in a less quantity. This is an advantage ; for the less medicine such horses take the better, provided they are in health. When any groom is desirous of giving a second or third course of these balls, he should observe, that the same time should be allowed to the horse to recover from a course of them, as from a moderate dose of physic. But I cannot refrain from again remarking that such horses, unless laboring under disease, would be far better without being purged. I have here noticed the classing of horses only with regard to their constitutions, and how physic may be expected to operate on each horse, according to the quantity of aloes given. The classification of horses in their work, will depend on the age, shape, and make of each horse, individually ; for it is the structure of animals which principally constitutes their physical powers ; and it is from the different points, such as the length, the depth, and breadth of certain parts of a race-horse, that a training groom is guided in his opinion, with regard to the speed or stoutness of the different horses he is beginning to train, and which particular points in race-horses, I can better describe when I am on the subject of training.

I hope it will be considered by my readers, that I have been sufficiently explicit, as to the general practice of physicking race-horses, according as their different constitutions may vary. But as to all the various precise periods of giving physic to different horses when in training, or at other times *on the road when travelling*, this part of the subject will be fully explained in its proper place.

I shall here give a list of medicines, and a table of the weights and measures used in the compounding of them. I shall also mention such apparatus as are necessary thereto ; as well as such other things as may be requisite for administering or applying them. The whole of these different medicines, and the other articles, are to be kept in the groom's private saddle-room.

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MEDICINES.

Aloes, Barbadoes	Oil of Carraway
Alum	Oil, Castor
Arrow Root	Oil of Cloves
Basilicon, yellow	Oil of Olives
Camphor	Oil of Origanum
Castile Soap	Oil of Rosemary
Ginger Powder	Prepared Ammonia
Goulard's Extract	Resin
Honey	Sal Ammoniac
Hog's Lard	Spanish Flies
Linseed Meal	Sweet Spirit of Nitre
Nitre	Spirit of Turpentine

Spirit of Wine	Venus Turpentine
Salt, common	Vinegar
Soft Soap	Vitriol, Blue
Tar, Barbadoes	Vitriol, White
Tartar Emetic	Verdigris
Tincture of Myrrh	Wax
Treacle	White Lead

## APOTHECARIES' WEIGHT.

Twenty Grains = One Scruple	Eight Drachms = One Ounce
Three Scruples = One Drachm	Twelve Ounces = One Pound.

## MEASURE OF FLUIDS.

Sixty Drops - - - - -	One Fluid Dram
Eight Fluid Drams - - - - -	One Fluid Ounce
Four Fluid Ounces - - - - -	A Measure or Noggin
Sixteen Fluid Ounces - - - - -	One Fluid Pint
Eight Fluid Pints - - - - -	One Gallon.

## APPARATUS FOR COMPOUNDING MEDICINES.

*A Box of small Weights and Scales,*

For the weighing of Medicine in small portions, as from a grain to two drachms. The weights marked with English characters.

*One pair of Two-ounce Scales—One pair of Pound Scales—One Pound of Brass Box Weights.*

*A Graduated Glass, for the measure of Fluids—marked with English characters.*

*One Large and one Small Pestle and Mortar.*

*One Marble Slab, a foot and a half square, for mixing Ointments.*

*One Large and one Small Ladle.*

*One Large and one Small Pallet Knife.*

## ARTICLES NECESSARY TO BE KEPT FOR ADMINISTERING AND APPLYING MEDICINES.

*Improved Ball Iron.*

*Drenching Horn.*

*Flannel for the applying of Fomentations and Poultices.*

*Woollen and Linen Bandages.*

*Tow, and broad coarse Tape.*

A Cradle is sometimes wanted to be put on a horse's neck, when his head is first let down after being blistered, more particularly if the horse is turned into a loose box.

## INSTRUMENTS.

*Fleam and Blood Stick.*

*Tooth Rasp, with a Guard.*

*Seaton, and Curved Needles.*

*Abscess Lancet.*

*Improved Docking Machine.*

*Firing, Searing, and Budding-Irons.*

*Improved Casting Hobbles.*

It is necessary sometimes to twitch some horses to make them stand quiet; but this sort of thing should be dispensed with when

possible, as there is a great deal to be done with horses by gentle usage.

The foregoing is a list of such medicines, instruments, &c., as I think are necessary at all times to be kept on the premises of a large racing establishment, for the immediate relief of any of the horses that may fall amiss. They are generally such as are used by experienced training grooms, who themselves bleed and physic all horses entrusted to their care, as often as they conceive it necessary in assisting in the getting of such horses into condition. They also make use of their own external applications—as ointments, lotions, with bandages; fomentations, or poultices, which they apply to their horses' legs whenever they may have become amiss from strong work, or to their heels when cracked by sudden work or travelling. Such compositions as are here mentioned, these men generally make up themselves, and from practice in this way, they become acquainted with the due proportions of these medicines, both in their original and compounded state.

But to keep their memories refreshed, and thereby prevent them from falling into error, I should strongly recommend to them the second volume of a work published by Mr. White, Veterinary Surgeon, of Exeter. It is entitled the "Veterinary Materia Medica," and is a very useful book. I further recommend to the owners of horses, to training, hunting, and more particularly to saddle-horse grooms, that in case of any horse falling constitutionally amiss with any active disease, or being otherwise seriously injured by mechanical injury, to call in immediately, to the aid of such horse, an experienced Veterinary Surgeon; for, as a training groom far surpasses in knowledge a saddle-horse groom, with regard to the condition of horses, so does the Veterinary Surgeon, by long practice, surpass the training groom in the knowledge and treatment of any cases of serious constitutional or local disease.

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#### MR. CORBIN'S IMPORTATIONS.

TRUSTEE, CETUS, LANGFORD, ETC.

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To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine":

SIR: Observing a notice of the embarkation of our accomplished countryman, Francis P. Corbin, Esq., who so worthily represents the American gentleman "abroad," [shewing the blood of "the olden time," as transmitted by a distinguished sire, the Chesterfield of Virginia, at a time when fine manners, as well as high intellectual cultivation, was esteemed there], I am impelled to pay him a passing tribute, as a benefactor of the American Turf, by his choice selection of "fashionable blood," in some instances united with fine performances.



Among others, Mr. C. purchased, in England, Cetus, Trustee, Langford, and the dams of Camden and Passenger. He had also bought Sir Hercules (sire to Coronation, the winner of last year's Derby,) but was persuaded to re-sell him. Though, from their relative estimation in England, he paid for Trustee scarce one-third the cost of Cetus, yet as the sire of Fashion, Trustee must be regarded among us as the most valuable of his purchases. Trustee and Margrave, whose frequent contests, with divided success, have been memorable, were the two best colts of their year. The latter won the St. Leger. Both have been imported to this country, as well as St. Giles, the winner of the Derby their year. Trustee is sire to Fashion, Margrave to Blue Dick—both, too, of the same age. At Newmarket (England) Cetus was esteemed second to Priam and Birmingham, the winners of the Derby and St. Leger, and the extraordinary colts of the same year. His winning the Gold Cup at Ascot, beating Augustus, established the reputation of Cetus. Yet, because of his unfortunate location, and from prejudices that ought to be removed, Cetus has had but little chance of doing anything in the Stud, in this country. 'There was no more fashionably bred horse, and of the game sort, in all England. In beauty he is unsurpassed. Like the famed race-horse Chateau Margaux, he was got by Whalebone, and his dam, too, by Gohanna. Whalebone, the best stallion in England since the days of Sir Peter, of "the Prunella sort," was own brother to Whisker, sire to the dam of Trustee, and to the sire of Harkaway. Both brothers won the Derby. Of Whalebone, "Red Rover" (in the June number of the "Turf Register," 1842,) remarks—"Never did any horse appear, since the days of Eclipse and King Herod, [\* \* \*] never, I say, has there been a horse which has conferred so much benefit on our studs, as the Pet of Petworth, Whalebone. To keep up the standard of our breed, his blood runs in the veins of Camel, Defence, Sir Hercules, Waverley, The Mole, The Saddler, and Touchstone, whose stock now are *nulli secundus*. The Whalebone mares, likewise, would fill a volume." Yet Whalebone was a small horse, as I am well informed—every way smaller than Cetus, whose want of size is objected to him. Medley, too, was smaller. Hear Newmarket authority in regard to him, the ancestor of our best bottomed stock—of Fashion and Mariner, of Eclipse, Henry, &c. &c.: "Medley was a little horse, not above 14½ hands high, who was sold to go to North Carolina, for 25 guineas"! So saith the record. His sire, the famed Gimcrack, was no larger. "These males of exquisite form," says another writer, "but proportionably smaller than the females of their day, accomplish their purposes by enlarging the lungs and improving the conformation of their progeny, giving more muscle and less bone."

Langford, out of the dam of Sir Hercules, was bought by Mr. C. a yearling; he won his first race, a great sweepstakes, at Washington, D. C., for Capt. Stockton, beating Gen. Jackson's fine Bolivar filly and others. His career on the Turf is well remembered at the North.

Camden was a successful and capital runner at all distances at three and four years old ; and is esteemed one of the best sons of Shark. Mr. C. also exported from England My Lady, so renowned as a brood mare, whose descendants are the famed Colonel, Monarch, and The Queen and Passenger foaled in Virginia.

When we remember the benefactors of our Turf, let us not be unmindful of the services rendered by Francis P. Corbin, Esq., the "Virginian abroad."

AMICUS.

## EPSOM RACES, 1842.

BY RIDDLESWORTH.

ANOTHER Derby anniversary is numbered with the days that were. Another crack is added to the list of the "great winners." The three-year-olds of 1842 have been weighed in the Epsom balance. The great mystery of twelvemonths is unravelled ; and the hopes of some, the fears of more, and the doubts of all, have reached their consummation.

And what is the result of all this. That the Derby Day just past was (save to certain heavy losers) one of the pleasantest ever seen upon Epsom Downs. That the nag whose name now stands amongst the list of Derby winners, fairly beat all his fellows in a true and honestly-run race. That the three-year-olds of the year are generally but a sorry lot, and that the climax of the "great event," (as far as *Racing* is concerned), though doubtless cavilled at by some, gives general satisfaction.

May it be ever thus. May the best horse ever win his race—and may the discontented ever be the interested only !

The Derby, 1842, was ushered into the world under the pressure of that great Turf incubus—the Gurney affair. To this cause we may satisfactorily trace the want of energy which characterised the earlier movements of the betting-ring. But as revolving seasons brought us nearer to the moving event which it is here my place to chronicle, the spirit of speculation rose so triumphant over every obstacle, that few years have seen such large sums betted on particular events.

As every bush hath its rag, so will every racing season have its bugbear. The first ghost which started up to frighten the frequenters of "the Corner" from their propriety, was Mr. Biggs's Eleus, who suddenly jumped into favor without any body knowing why or wherefore. "Who is Eleus ?" "What has he done ?" was in every mouth. But who was there to answer ; it was sufficient for the public to know that Eleus was Eleus, and they accordingly backed him at once, "and no questions asked." But what then was the surprise of the "gulls," when lo ! another phantom loomed into life from the same quarter, and "the Frederica colt" was all the rage.

That Eleus was of the two (as all along asserted by his owner) the better nag, I have no doubt, now that I have seen this Frederica wonder. That Eleus was no imposter I verily believe, but that he had a *temper* I have no less doubt. In other words, he was "a flyer" when he would run, but he was so seldom "i' the vein," that his improvement being at last given up "as a bad job," he was cut, and turned out of the racing stud.

May we not in this short history of Eleus, read that of Coldrenick? If Eleus *could* only run when he *would*, may we not fairly suppose that by beating a horse when in the dumps, who at all other times was fairly entitled to be deemed a good animal, his party acquired a false estimate of their favorite's powers? I myself, knowing the facts to be as they are here stated, formed a just estimate of this much vaunted Danebury nag, and looked upon Attila and Auckland as the only horses "for choice," of all the long line which filled Dorling's "carract card."

I have a prejudice—a foolish one I own it to be—but still a strong one, that a horse with a "crackjaw" name can never win the Derby. For sixty-two years has that event now annually taken place, and when did such a name as *Coldrenick* ever occur? Mündig is the only one nearly approaching to the plebeian, upon which I can at present fix my memory. But what chance then, has Fulwar Craven of ever again winning the Oaks, if he persists in such nomenclature as "I wish you may get it," "Don't say no," &c. &c.?

The Danebury nag, however, in spite of his name, kept his place in the world's opinion, to the moment of starting. How his backers felt, on looking for him in vain, at Tattenham Corner, may, as the newspapers say, "be better imagined than described."

I will now proceed at once to the business of the week.

The first race on *Tuesday, May 24*, for the Craven Stakes, brought out Forth's Oaks mare Lucy Banks, against the Leger winner, Satirist, and ten others. Satirist made the running, and the race home lay between him and Lucy Banks, the mare winning on the post by a neck. It may, or may not be remembered, that I, last year, gave Satirist but an indifferent character, which his performances in the present season have in no wise tended to improve.

For the Shirley Stakes, Mr. Sydney Herbert's Derby nag Nessus beat Iole and Arkansas, in a pretty race. The Woodcote Stakes were won by Mr. G. Ongley's filly by Camel, dam by Octavius, beating a field of three; and the Manor Plate, won in two heats by Ajax, closed the racing of a day, which is always as uninteresting as the first act of a play, or the first chapter of a fashionable novel.

*Wednesday, May 25*.—"The Derby Day" brought with it all its usual concomitants of carriages, with loads of hampers—drags with loads of mustachios—and hack cabs, one-horse taxed carts, and two-horse vans, with loads of cruelty. There was the usual show of new bonnets and smart parasols, the same array of silk

jackets and white hats, and the customary consumption of cigars and oaths. The only difference was in the dust, and this, owing not to the liberality of the "Pikemen," but to the plenteous rain of the preceding night, was for the nonce quiescent. The features of the course were all the same; there was the same gay line of booths, with the same gay fluttering of flags as ever. The same crowd of pedestrians and vehicles within the ropes, looking as if they had slept there ever since the Derby of 1841—and the same half-guinea aristocracy crowning the hill in glorious confusion.

Moreover there were more than the usual number of flying reports. Barrier had been beaten in a trial by Defier, and would not start—Auckland had an *accidental* (?) leg, and *could* not start—Jack was on the rise under the impression that the Scotts had a *second* horse, and the same cause had depreciated Attila, who had fallen from three to four and five to one. In the meantime Coldrenick "held his own" until the ring broke up, and the horses came out for their preliminary gallop.

Now this I take to be a sight to puzzle any judge. The horses on this occasion, more especially the nervous ones, seldom appearing to the best advantage. Here, however, was enough to satisfy any man who knew a horse from a handsaw, as to the pretensions of Coldrenick; his fault, a fatal one in all cases, was instantly apparent to a practised eye—he *was weak under the saddle*. In fact, so utterly deficient was he in anything approaching to the passable as to loin and carcase, that as I turned away, I mentally muttered to myself—*If that horse wins the race to-day, I'll enter a Red Herring for next year, and ride him myself.*"

Attila went quickly, but short—Jack looked in better condition—Combermere strode along in a manner which gained him many friends as an outsider—Policy looked full of running, and in first-rate order—and the Agreeable colt, with veteran Sam on his back, looked as though he meant to astonish all his friends *agreeably*, *My* favorite in the race, however, Auckland, looked dull and heavy, and so much out of sorts, that one might readily give some credit to the many rumors which were afloat respecting him; moreover, he had Tommy Lye upon his back, therefore I turned away at once in utter despair, and whistled "all is lost now."

The ring had broken up with the following odds current:—11 to 8 agst. Coldrenick, 5 to 1 agst. Attila (6 to 1 laid two or three times), 12 to 1 agst. Jack, 12 to 1 agst. Forth's lot, 14 to 1 agst. Seahorse, 20 to 1 agst. Agreeable colt, 30 to 1 agst. Chatham, 40 to 1 agst. Combermere, 40 to 1 agst. William de Fortibus, 40 to 1 agst. Lasso, 50 to 1 agst. Auckland, and 1000 to 10 agst. any other. After two or three false attempts and dodges, peculiar to a Derby array, a bungling start was effected, and the following twenty-five were off for

**THE DERBY STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course; the last mile and a half; 181 subs.

Col. Anson's b. or br. c. **ATTILA**, by Colwick, out of Progress, sister to

Pilgrim ..... W. Scott... 1

Lord Verulam's br. c. *Robert de Gorham*, by Sir Hercules—Duvernay ... Cotton .... 2



*The following were not placed:*

Mr. Allen's b. c. <i>Belcœur</i> , by Belshazzar—Violante (sis. to The Saddler)	Marson .....	0
Mr. Etwall's br. c. <i>Palladium</i> , by Defence, out of Mantilla.....	W. Day .....	0
Mr. Conop's ch. c. <i>The Oneida Chief</i> , by Divan, out of Hatfield's dam by Juniper .....	R. Sly .....	0
Mr. Greenwood, junr's br. c. <i>Lasso</i> , by The Saddler, out of Tigress's dam, sister to Swinton .....	Heseltine ..	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. <i>Hydaspes</i> , by Velocipede, out of Jane (brother to Valentissimo).....	Chapple .....	0
Mr. Herbert's br. c. <i>Nessus</i> , by Sir Hercules, out of Nanine .....	Whitehouse ..	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. <i>Jack</i> , by Touchstone, out of Joanna .....	J. Holmes ..	0
Mr. Goodman's ch. c. <i>Rover</i> , by Muley Moloch—Miss Thomasina.....	Macdonald ..	0
Mr. Forth's ch. c. <i>Policy</i> (late Honest John), by Bustard—Lacerta .....	F. Butler ...	0
Mr. Meiklam's br. c. by Agreeable, dam by Sam, out of Morel.....	S. Chifney ..	0
Mr. Forth's ch. c. <i>The Golden Rule</i> (late Lord George), by Bustard, out of sister to Margrave .....	Bell .....	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. <i>The Devil among the Tailors</i> , by The Saddler, out of Fickle .....	Darling .....	0
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. c. <i>Chatham</i> , by The Colonel, out of Hester .....	Rogers .....	0
Mr. P. Pryse's ch. c. <i>Cheops</i> , by The Mummy, out of Fairy's dam.....	Wakefield ..	0
Mr. G. Clark's gr. c. <i>The Baronet</i> , by Hampton—Grey Momus's dam....	Templeman ..	0
Lord Westminster's br. c. <i>Auckland</i> , by Touchstone—Maid of Honor....	T. Lye .....	0
Col. Wyndham's <i>Singleton</i> , by Ernest, or a half-bred horse, or a horse foaled in 1820, by Filho da Puta, out of Bistirpa, dam (foaled in 1835) by Gaberlunzie .....	G. Francis ..	0
Lord Westminster's ch. c. <i>William de Fortibus</i> , by Plenipotentiary, out of Laurs .....	Cartwright ..	0
Mr. Copeland's b. c. <i>Combermere</i> , by Bran, out of Wastrel.....	Marlow .....	0
Mr. Trelawney's ch. c. <i>Coldrenich</i> , by Plenipotentiary, out of Frederica by Sultan .....	J. Day .....	0
Mr. Gregory's ch. c. <i>Defier</i> , by Defence, out of Defender's dam .....	Robinson ...	0
Gen. Yates' br. c. <i>Sea-horse</i> , by Camel out of Sea-breeze .....	Nat .....	0

|| Those marked thus (||) are in the St. Leger.

Combermere went off with the lead, making strong running up the hill, at the top of which he found himself in company with Belcœur, Attila, and Lasso—of these, Lasso was the first to fall off, the other three carrying the running round Tattenham Corner, where Attila had the race in hand, and successively beat off each opponent, going in an easy winner by two good lengths. The only race was amongst the field for second; Robert de Gorham came up from the rear, passing all his horses in succession, until he collared Belcœur at the Stand, and beat him cleverly for the second place, by a length. Auckland, who ran a very good horse, was so well up with Belcœur at the finish, that I am inclined to think him best entitled to the third place; the Agreeable colt was fifth, Policy sixth, and Sea-horse seventh. Coldrenick was beaten before he had got up the hill; Chatham fell lame; Robinson declares the race to have been fast throughout; and William Scott vows (what I can readily believe) that Attila could have won by six lengths if he had liked.

Attila's "party" are said to be good winners, in addition to the stake, which amounts to £4,900; and rumor has already been busy with some names which are said to be opening a communication with "The Levant," so that I fear Tuesday will not bring about an easy settlement.

Did any body ever see any one of the races after the Derby, on a Derby day? I never did. However, on this occasion, the loss was little, since the first race was a Selling Stake, with the winner valued at £120. The second with a winner worth £100; and the last with a winner at £80. "The force of sinking could no farther go." Nine "rips" started for the first, Forth running first and second with Camellino and Trident. Six "bokickers" scam-

bled for the next, which Forth had also the honor (?) of winning, with Knightsbridge; and twelve "knackers" limped for the last, a Mulatto colt beating Captain Rous's Nicholas by half a length. What an equality of wretchedness!—and what a termination to a Derby Day! Here is contrast indeed! The first race of the day run for £4,900, and raising the value of the winner at once to at least £5000; the last, a stake of £95, eagerly contested by twelve wretches, all running to be claimed for eighty pounds. Alas! this little incident bears but too striking an analogy to the events of this great festival. First we see wealth and splendor wasting their substance, and lavish of every luxury, and in a few short hours, hungry want and squalid misery are eagerly fastening on the scattered remnants of the rich man's feast.

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*Thursday, May 26.*—Lassitude and weariness are the-day-after-the-fair attributes of the intermediate Thursday, the beggars outnumbering the visitors by two to one. The racing was good, and moreover plentiful; but it was like evaporated seltzer or flat "third day" Champagne.

The first race, a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs., was won by Mr. Herbert's Teatotaller, by a head, beating Mr. Goodman's Miss Fidget, 4 yrs. old, allowed 21lb.; Lord Exeter's Revision, 3 yrs. old; Mr. May's Master Aaron, 4 yrs. old, allowed 21lb.; Mr. Nightingale's Ajax, 4 yrs. old, allowed 9lb.; Mr. Treen's Haitoe, 3 yrs. old; Captain Ives's Folly, 5 yrs. old, allowed 21lb.; Mr. King's Tommy, 3 yrs. old, allowed 14lb.; Mr. Forth's Vibration, 3 yrs. old, allowed 9lb.; Mr. Phillimore's Rochester, 3 yrs. old, allowed 9lb.; and Mr. King's Dahlia, 5 yrs. old, allowed 21lb.

To this followed a free Fifty Pounds, for any horse entered for any of the races on Tuesday and Wednesday; others to pay three sovs. each; three-year-olds 6st. 10lb., four 8st. 7lb., five 8st. 12lb., six and aged 9st. 1lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs., &c.; Mile heats. Won in four heats by Mr. Fulwar Craven's That's-the-time-of-day.

The last race was for another Fifty Sovs., free for any horse which has been entered for any of the preceding races; others to pay three sovs. each; three-year-olds 6st. 10lb., four 8st. 7lb., five 8st. 12lb., six and aged 9st. 1lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for £150; Mile and a quarter heats. Won in three heats by Mr. Shelley's b. c. by Glaucus, out of Malibran, beating five others.

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*Friday, May 27,* brought a beautiful day for the benefit of the Oaks, and of the "select few" who prefer that anniversary to the more tumultuous Derby. There was a fair attendance, hardly so large as in former years, and, of course, not to be compared with that of Wednesday, but yet large as compared with the attendance on any other race-course.

The first race of the day was, as usual, for the Oaks, for which the following sixteen came to the post:—

The OAKS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. st., for three year old fillies 8st. 7lb. each; the owner of the second filly to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course; the last mile and a half; 114 subs.

Mr. Marshall's ch. f. by Bran, out of Fury, by Tramp .....	Lye .....	1
Mr. Shackel's ch. f. <i>Meal</i> , by Bran, out of Tinteretto by Rubens .....	F. Butler .....	2
Lord G. Bentinck's ch. f. <i>Firebrand</i> , by Lamplighter—Camarine's dam .....	Rogers .....	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. <i>Dil-bar</i> , by Touchstone, out of Peri .....	Scott .....	0
Lord Exeter's br. f. by Touchstone, out of Amina by Sultan .....	Darling .....	0
Mr. Forth's ch. f. <i>Lucy Banks</i> , by Elis, out of Walfruna .....	Bell .....	0
Duke of Grafton's bl. f. <i>Utopia</i> , by Jerry, out of Torquoise .....	J. Day .....	0
Lord Jersey's br. f. by Touchstone— <i>Adela</i> , sister to Riddlesworth .....	Robinson .....	0
Mr. Thompson's b. f. <i>Pharmacopæia</i> , by Physician, dam by Muley, out of Mussulman's dam (foaled in 1828) .....	Cotton .....	0
Mr. Newton's b. f. <i>Ma Mie</i> , by Jerry, out of Fanchon by Lapdog .....	Nat .....	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. sister to Alexandrina, by The Saddler, out of Eberston's dam by Partisan .....	Wakefield .....	0
Duke of Richmond's b. f. by Elis, out of Baleine .....	E. Edwards .....	0
Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. <i>Coral</i> , sister to Coronation, by Sir Hercules—Ruby .....	Calloway .....	0
Mr. Shelley's br. f. <i>Iole</i> , by Sir Hercules, out of sister to Green Mantle (foaled in 1832) .....	Chapple .....	0
Ld. G. Bentinck's b. f. <i>Topsail</i> , by Sheet Anchor—Valencia by Cervantes .....	Whitehouse .....	0
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. <i>Eliza</i> , by Muley Moloch—Elizabeth by Waverley .....	Templeman .....	0

|| Horses marked thus (||) are in the St. Leger.

Lord George Bentinck having declared to win with *Firebrand*, the betting at starting settled into 2 to 1 agst. *Dilbar*, 3 to 1 agst. *Adela* filly, 8 to 1 agst. *Fury* filly, 9 to 1 agst. *Firebrand* (taken), 9 to 1 agst. *Lucy Banks*, 15 to 1 agst. *Amima* filly (taken), 18 to 1 agst. *Ma-Mie*, 20 to 1 agst. *Topsail*, 20 to 1 agst. *Meal* (taken), 20 to 1 agst. *Pharmacopæia*, 30 to 1 agst. *Eliza*, 40 to 1 agst. *Iole*, 50 to 1 agst. *Sister to Alexandrina*.

After four false starts, in one of which that unlucky jockey, Nat, got thrown, *Topsail* went away with the lead at a good pace, making running for *Firebrand*, *Dilbar* and the *Fury* filly lying close behind her. *Topsail* gave way to *Firebrand* at the turn, and at the same place *Dilbar* swerved out, and lost her "little" chance. *Firebrand* carried on the running to the distance, where the *Fury* filly came out, and won very cleverly by a length. *Meal* caught *Firebrand* at the stand, and beat her for the £100 by about a length, *Ma-Mie* was fourth, *Coral* fifth, and *Lucy Banks* sixth.

The value of the stakes was £3,150, and much money (for an Oaks race) will certainly change hands. The prominent question in every body's mouth is "Who is Marshall." To this the answer is, that if hitherto comparatively unknown, he has made a very good beginning for fame.

A £50 race for three-year-olds was won by *Iole*, beating *Cheops*, *Arkansas*, and *Junius*. The Members' Plate of £50 was won in three heats by *Mungo Park*, beating *Aspatria*, *Dahlia*, *Lady Mary*, and *Whalebone* (not the old original!); and the Derby and the Oaks £50 Plate was won, after three capital heats, by Mr. Shelley's colt by *Glaucus*, out of *Malibran*, beating a field of eleven, concluded the Epsom Races of 1842.

RIDDLESWORTH.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for June, 1842.

## SHOOTING—INCLUDING PREMONITORY CAUTIONS IN THE USE OF GUNS.

Abridged from Capt. Lacy's forthcoming work—"The Modern Shooter."

"Oh! glorious sport, which can at once impart  
Health to the veins, and quiet to the heart."—POPE.

THERE are some wide-awake sportsmen, who, in taking aim, deem it a useless exertion to close an eye, and who, accordingly, are said to keep both eyes open at the time; the sight at the muzzle end is, to them, useless; they never look at it. But I should rather recommend the young shooter, in aiming, to adopt the usual plan; to close his left eye, and, with the right, condescending to look at the little sight, to endeavor to bring both to bear, according to circumstances, on or before the object he is desirous to hit. The directing gaze of both eyes of the archer—

"Telum et oculos pariter tetendit,"

may be proper enough; but a bow and arrow, and a gun, are two very different weapons to handle, and to aim with.

The best initiatory lesson, perhaps, that the young shooter can receive, towards the perfect attainment of the art of shooting, as well as being otherwise a beneficial exercise, is, a regular drilling; first with a wooden, and then with a real gun, or fire-lock; this will teach him to handle, carry, load, and fire a gun with facility and safety; or, at all events, will be highly conducive to those ends. Next, having painted a small black spot, or fixed a black wafer, on a white ground, on a wall, door, or iron target, a little above shoulder height, let him stand at about twelve paces distant from it, and rivet his eye on this mark; taking care, in bringing the gun (previously well fitted) to his shoulder, to lower his head so far—but not constrainedly—that the eye, the breech, and the sight will at once be on a level; when the sight, with or without a little elevation, will generally be found to cover the spot; at which very moment the trigger should be pulled, when the tyro should preserve an imperturbable serenity, bordering upon stoical apathy. A very small charge of powder only will suffice, or powder, at first, may be wholly dispensed with. The practice should be continued till the little man can bring his gun up to the mark with quickness and precision, and can unflinchingly stand fire, like a breathless statue. He may now commence firing small charges of powder and shot at a whitewashed iron target, at twenty-five paces; and from the pattern thus displayed, may learn to correct errors not only in aiming, but in holding the gun; for some, who are both careful to keep the eye, the breech, and the sight in a line, and who do not flinch from the gun, nevertheless give it a



twist, sideways, in pulling the trigger; whilst others, in aiming, turn the butt inwards or outwards, instead of holding it fair, or perpendicular. Habits like these, at all times injurious, are particularly so in rifle-shooting.

If objection be made to putting the left hand forward, in taking aim, on the score of there being more danger in the event of a barrel bursting, there should be a piece of ebony in front of the trigger-guard, to give steadiness, and the command of a firmer hold to the shoulder; for grasping a stock firmly with both hands is not only essential to good shooting, but offers no impediment to the perfect freedom and easy flexibility of the shooter's movements. Many good sportsmen always hold the gun with the left hand close to the guard, and contend that "all the requisite steadiness in taking aim, and even of motion, in traversing the flight of a bird, can be obtained by thus holding the heaviest piece." This plan may answer with light guns, but with heavy ones how can it?—especially as such are all the better for being rather heavy forward, or top-heavy, as they are otherwise wont to fly up in firing.

There are two monosyllables which all but rifle-shooters ought to bear in mind—namely, *pull quick*; i. e., at the very instant the aim is perfected; or rather, perhaps, is being perfected; for, as some one has quaintly, yet emphatically remarked, "the finger and the eye should always go hand in hand;" instead of the former (as a quainter still hath it) being "a day's march behind the latter"—of all others the most fertile source of error in shooting!\*. At the same time, this quick pull of the trigger is never to be effected by means of a jerk of the elbow; but merely by pressure of the finger alone; in rifle-shooting, a contracting touch, or slight squeeze of the *second* joint of the fore finger, is all that is required. Quickness in aiming, however, must not be confounded with quickness of firing; as the ready acquisition of the former, with the requisite correctness, is usually a work of time; the latter is of comparatively easy accomplishment. Let the young shooter be resolutely determined to succeed, and sooner or later he will do so. "Quickness without impetuosity is exactly what is wanting to make an excellent shot;" recollect Judge Bayley's maxim—"You will never gain time by being in a hurry."

Closing both eyes, or at the least winking, jerking the head backwards, and dropping the left hand—one, or all of these, at the moment of pulling the trigger, are faults by no means uncommon; to some shooters habitual, and which must ever prove effectual barriers to the acquisition of first-rate excellence in this our "Noble Science."

When the young shooter has killed a few sitting and flying shots at other birds, he may repair to the fields in good earnest, with a view to try his hand at game; and he should take along with him a single attendant, a single staunch old dog, and a single gun; or,

\* The proximate cause of failure here is in the *mind*, in which hope and fear are raised to such a pitch, as to unnerve the shooter, who consequently is void of decision, pulls the trigger too soon, too late, or not at all, and not seldom fires, as it were, in reckless despair, and even without an aim. Byron tells us that—

"Men die as their nerves are;"

it is, perhaps, more certain that they shoot so.

if a double, should load and use but one barrel, though, in my opinion, the former is the better plan for a youngster to adopt. The novelty and main difficulty he will now have to encounter, will be the startling rush, the whirring noise, plaintive screams and confusion, attendant on the sudden and frequently simultaneous springing of the covey; which is certain, especially in his now naturally anxious, eager, and heart-palpitating state, to excite a greater or less degree of agitation or nervous tremor in our ardent youngster's frame; during the influence of which it will be as utterly impossible for him, as it would be for a man laboring under palsy or paralysis, to aim with even any tolerable degree of precision. This state of flutter and trepidation—when in fact its very opposite, all but frigid indifference, should prevail—*must* be conquered; and the constant practice of actual shooting at game is the *only* remedy—the *only* means whereby the tyro can acquire the necessary self-possession. There is no need for him to make a toil of a pleasure, by shooting every day and all day long; indeed, nothing can be worse for either a young shooter, a young dog, or, perhaps, any other young animal, than over-exertion. Still, he should let no day pass, save one in seven, without, at the least, handling a gun; for the maxim of the celebrated painter is equally applicable to the shooter—" *nulla dies sine lineâ*;" which the young wag of a fly-fisher would probably translate—" whip the water every day."

As regards the act of taking aim at moving objects, or "the art of shooting flying," it may be remarked, that the portion of the shot which lies nearest to the powder in the barrel, is that which forms the centre of the shots' disc, as you see it depicted on the target after having fired at it; and thus the central pellets are propelled with the strongest force, as those outside the circle are the weakest. Now the shooter, except at short distances, ought always to endeavor so to adjust his aim that, in the spread of the shot, the central pellets may strike the vital parts; he will, therefore, in cross shots, shoot as much before the head as the speed of the bird or animal, and its distance from him, require; and, as this rate of speed, from the state of the wind and other causes, is ever varying, not only in different kinds of game, but in the same kind at different times, the important business of taking aim must be left to his own eye, judgment, and experience, under the guidance of which he will doubtless sooner become an expert marksman, than by allowing himself to be too much fettered by system, or too servile a follower of any code of rules which might be formally laid down on this particular subject. It is also essential for the young shooter to bear in mind, that the mode and direction of a bird's flight, as well as the speed at which it is going, are to be taken into the calculation: and here again a similar remark to the foregoing is equally applicable, since different birds vary exceedingly in these respects, as well as the same kind of birds at different times. As general rules, however (which, indeed, common sense will indicate,) he must shoot before birds crossing; above birds rising, and especially when rising perpendicularly; below those

flying from him down hill, unless flying very low, when he must shoot a little over them; and, on ordinary occasions, he will seldom overshoot his game by aiming full high: but as to shooting point-blank, at all times, as some have recommended, it is a principle which carries its own refutation along with it.

#### PREMONITORY MISCELLANEOUS CAUTIONS.

1. Never purchase or shoot with a gun that is not perfectly sound in all its parts, and especially in the inside of the barrels, and in the construction of the locks; and, whether new or second-hand, be assured of its having been manufactured (*bonâ fide*) by a respectable gunmaker, and not merely got up for sale, with a deceptive exterior, and a pirated name upon it.

2. "Never suffer a gun, at any time, to be held for a moment, or even carried, so as to be likely to come in the direction of either man or beast."—*Hawker*.

3. Never put your hand or arm upon the muzzle of a gun; nor lean over it.

4. Never blow into the barrel of a gun whether loaded or unloaded.

A fatal instance of this common but dangerous habit is recorded by Major Bevan. "It appears," says the Major, "that he [a shooting companion] had snapped at a bird, but the piece hung fire; he took it from his shoulder to examine it, and, as was his custom, blew into the muzzle of his gun. The agitation of the air ignited the dormant spark, and he received the whole charge in his mouth."—*Thirty Years in India*, vol. ii. p. 261-2.

In an ancient work, entitled—"The Complete Marksman; or, the Art of Shooting Flying," a poem, by the Hon. Robert Coot—this same caution is given in very definite terms, thus:—"Never blow at the mouth of your piece, after it has missed fire, lest some latent spark discharge it through your head."

5. Never use a gun for any other purpose than the *one* for which it is obviously intended; and especially as a hammer, or mallet, a walking or a bush-beating stick; as a hook to draw the boughs of a thorn or tree towards you; as a staff to "bang dog," to lean upon, or to support yourself; to assist your fat friend up a bank, over or out of a ditch, or as a prop or leaping-pole, to help yourself over hedge or ditch; nor is there any occasion to take flying leaps with it in your hand, however anxious you may be to display your agility.

6. Never take a loaded gun into a house, unless the caps, or primers, be first removed, and the tops of the nipples rubbed with a glove or handkerchief, the gun be kept in your own hands, or immediately placed under lock and key. But the safest plan, of course, is to make the first eight words of this caution a rule absolute.

Guns kept constantly loaded in a bed-chamber, for defence against nocturnal depredators, ought always to be placed under lock and key in the morning; especially where there are children. A very idle and inefficient substitute is sometimes resorted to—

viz., that of sticking a card, or a piece of foolscap, between the ramrod and the muzzle, with the cautionary word—*Loaded!* inscribed upon it. But, if a phial of prussic acid be left in the way of a child, or of a servant who cannot read, it is no security to write *Poison* on the label, how conspicuous soever the letters may be!

7. In firing, never rest your gun on a stone wall, or other hard or rugged substance.

8. Never flash off a copper-cap or primer, when a gun is empty, but always have gunpowder in the barrel at the time, with a tight-fitting wadding upon it; and never let the hammer be down upon the unexploded cap, or primer.

9. Never load your double gun in a hurry, lest you should forget to put wadding over the powder or shot; or should put two charges of either, or both, into one and the same barrel. You may, however, instantly detect the latter blunder by putting the ramrod down each barrel, and by then measuring with your hand (on edge), or your eye, how much of the rod appears above the muzzle. A shallow ring filed (with a fine-edged file) round the rod, shows at once the proper height of the charge.

10. Whenever a loaded gun has been cocked, but not fired, uncock it with the muzzles up; and if one barrel only have been fired, the other ought to be uncocked immediately, to avoid all danger, and especially that of loading with a barrel cocked.

11. "When uncocking a gun, never remove the thumb from the cock until, after having let it pass down by the half bent, and gently raised it again, the sound of the sear is heard catching the tumbler."—*Daniel*.

12. Never load a gun unless the cocks be down; and (whatever be the mode of ignition) never prime before you have loaded.

13. When loading with loose shot, always place the prepared, or some other stiff-punched wadding (fitting the calibre of the gun nicely) upon it; which will generally keep it from moving in the barrel, provided you be not guilty of carrying the gun muzzle downwards. And after having fired one barrel of a double, on reloading that barrel, ram the charge again in the other barrel, whilst you have the ramrod in hand, in order to make all compact.

14. Beware of the muzzle of the gun being kept hanging downwards; when so carried, the shot is apt to force its way from the powder, and thus to create a vacuum in the barrel; in which case there is danger of the gun bursting if fired with the muzzle at all inclined downwards, to say nothing of the danger (from a casual discharge) of shooting men, horses, or dogs, when the gun is carried in the before-mentioned pendant manner.

15. After having got through a thick covert, or a hedge, always examine whether a branch has accidentally pulled the cock to the full; and, if any one be about to follow you with gun in hand, step aside so as to be clear of the muzzle, or counsel him to carry it through stock foremost; but *you* will be the safest by always allowing your friend the honor of taking precedence of you on such occasions.



16. "In shooting with a stranger, who perhaps keeps his gun cocked, and muzzles usually pointed to the left, plead for the right hand station, and urge that you cannot hit a bird flying to the left ; with a gamekeeper, take the right hand without ceremony."—*Daniel*.

17. "If you should have fired one barrel, and, while in the act of reloading it, other game should be sprung, beware of firing the other barrel until you have either put the flask in your pocket, or thrown it on the ground."—*Hawker*.

18. Beware of firing too near to the farmers' teams, when the corn is being led, in September, lest the horses should take fright, and run away with, and upset the load of corn, with the man on the top of it.

19. Beware of firing through, or near to the corners of, hedge-rows—especially when immediately contiguous to public roads and footpaths—for fear of shooting a casual passenger, or that shock-headed lad who is "tenting pheasants fra' th' corn," a not uncommon employment for such in *some* parts of England.

20. Beware of firing too near to rick-yards and out-buildings, as, by so doing, you may occasion an awful "flare-up ;" which is bad policy, though the premises may be insured, and worse if they be not.

21. Beware when and where you fire, at *all* times. Never attempt to display skill by firing close to the head of either man or beast, whether a companion's or a favorite pointer's ; and be particularly circumspect when a number of shooters are spread in various directions, and especially in covert.

22. 'Ware mad-brained shooters, such as beat bushes with their guns, and especially when cocked ; who are utterly ignorant of many proper precautions ; and who, if they were not so, would not adopt them ; for—

"All *their* madness none can know !"

23. Beware of shooting at, or of shooting your dog, for the former is cruel, and the latter brutal ; and never allow yourself to be overcome by the turbulent gusts of a fiery temper, because a man in a passion, is certain to commit himself in some way or other (*ira furor brevis* !) and nothing is more likely to unhinge your nerves, and spoil your shooting for the rest of the day.

24. Beware in what part of a house you keep gunpowder ; where and how you dry it ; and what sort of powder-flask you use ; and never bring gunpowder near fire or candle.

25. Before getting into, or out of a boat, or vehicle of any sort, with a loaded gun, always take off the copper-caps, or remove the primers.

26. Unless on the sea-coast, or where the coast is clear for several hundreds of yards (as on a sterile or interminable heath), when loading with Eley's cartridges, never put a wadding of any kind upon them, for fear by this means they should "ball."

27. In shooting alone, when you come to a gate that is locked, first put your gun through the bars, and rest it firmly against the

wall, or post, with the muzzles inclining from you, and then get over it. On coming to a wall, especially if rather a high one, and built of loose stones, first place your gun longitudinally on the top, with the muzzles pointing from you, and then get over the wall, two or three yards from the stock of the gun, so that if the wall give way, as sometimes is the case, the gun may not be injured, or thrown down. Of course, if you have a follower with you, and he be "up" at the time, let him get over first, when you can hand the gun to him.

28. Beware of abusing your constitution by fagging too hard ; for *nil violentum est perpetuum* (nothing violent is lasting). In short, beware of all excess ; because that—not to invade provinces which belong to other and graver consuls—is ever injurious ; whilst universally—"Moderation is the law of enjoyment."—*Knox*.

29. In travelling or tourizing "in whiskey, buggery, gig, dog-cart, curricule, or tandem," or, it may be, in your new "drag," never, by way of a lark, attempt to spoil the picturesque appearance of the covey, feeding within gunshot of the road-side, by raking them ; or be tempted to molest other game ; for such is not exactly a gentlemanly mode of proceeding ; nor is it a very safe one, if the keeper on horseback should happen to be overlooking your movements.

30. In case of fresh or salt water, snow, mud, &c., having got into the barrel, never attempt to fire the gun ; but, having first removed the caps, or other primers, and let the cocks down, draw the wadding which is on the shot, when, if it appear necessary, the whole charge must be taken out ; and in strict accordance with rule No. 3, the palm of the hand must never be placed over the muzzle with a view to catch and save the shot ; and least of all should the butt be inverted and struck against the top of a gate, or room—at all times a most dangerous plan.

31. Beware of "accidents by night in wild-fowl shooting, from random shots and opposite gunners." Recollect "the Suffolk farmer," mentioned by Scott, who accidentally, and "at one shot with a shore gun, shot both his father and mother stone dead!" In punt-shooting, and especially at night, beware how you fire your big gun, lest haply you should shoot your best friend whilst enjoying his night thoughts "*solo in littore*"—or your bitterest foe in the shape of a rival gunner.

32. Never put a ramrod down an empty barrel after it has once been fired ; for by thus loosening the scales, or feculent matter, and forcing them into the chamber, the nipple becomes choked up, and hence a misfire.

33. In case of your ramrod head sticking fast in the gun, never attempt to pull it out by force, or allow any one else to aid you in so doing ; but, having first removed the cap, or primer, invert the gun, and press the end of the ramrod home upon the charge, when, in all probability, it will be easily extracted, especially if it have been wedged there by means of a stray shot-corn. But, *observe*, this pressure must not be with the hand, but against a tree root, or otherwise.

34. Never drag a gun after you over a fence, especially by the muzzle.

35. In reaching a gun to a companion on the opposite side of a ditch, or drain, having poised it horizontally in both hands, pitch it to him in that position, when he, of course, makes a neat catch of it. But if he can easily reach the butt-end, as soon as he has got good hold of it, throw the muzzle up to the perpendicular, of course taking care that it at no time points towards yourself. But never allow your friend to assist you with his gun in crossing ditch or fence.

36. In public pigeon-shooting, a bird sometimes escapes suddenly from the basket, or from the trapper; on such occasions beware of firing precipitately, as bystanders may be in the way.

37. On returning from shooting, if any part of your apparel, and, above all, if your feet be wet, put on dry clothes, stockings, and shoes forthwith. But, wet or dry, the safest and best plan on coming home, is to make an immediate and thorough change an invariable rule.

38. When taking refreshment in the field, or on the moors, beware how you place your gun; not as one sometimes sees it, with the muzzle pointing directly towards the shooter's own sacred person, or that of his friend.

39. When shooting in covert, especially at rabbits or hares, it sometimes happens that your friend, or a marker, by stooping, or lying down, may enable you to take a shot over him, which otherwise could not have been safely taken. In this case the person crouching ought never to attempt to rise from his bended position until he either have heard the report of both barrels, or the word of command, "Up!" from the shooter himself: otherwise, in case of the gun hanging fire, or of the shooter being about to take a second shot, the rising individual may fall to rise no more. But remember, as this is a hazardous experiment at best, the safest plan is never to try it, and, least of all, if you do not know your man.

41. Persons unpacking grouse, or any other game, in a very high or putrid state, should be careful not to suffer the virus to touch any sore or wound they may have on their hands, or other parts of their persons, as serious consequences have resulted from such contacts.

42. When a summer party are enjoying a marine shooting excursion, and some of them are placed before, and others (as in a coble) behind the sail, the latter should be very careful in what direction they shoot, lest any one of the former should at the same time be popping his head forward on either side the sail. In fact, the greatest possible caution should be observed by the whole party, especially if there be any "sea on." Recollect, if an accident take place in a boat at sea, it might often prove fatal, where the same would not be attended with a similar disastrous result on land.

43. Never send any specimens of detonating caps, tubes, &c., when charged with powder, per post, in a loose state, as, in stamp-

ing the letters, explosion might take place, and mischief ensue ; but, if resolved to run all risks—having first wrapped them in cotton wool—enclose them in layers of best velvet cork, tied round with thread.

Neither let any one deem this or any other of these *Cautions* as needless, frivolous, or groundless ; for there is scarcely any one of them from a neglect of which the most formidable accidents have not occurred ; and the fatal consequences which have resulted from a neglect of some of them have been painfully numerous. I should shudder at the relation of no more than the catalogue of serious and fatal gun accidents, from various causes, which have come within the limited sphere of my own immediate knowledge, or ocular testimony ; and what are these compared with the hundreds which take place every year, and the thousands which have taken place ?

Towards the latter part of the season, and in a wild country, I always prefer hunting with one active staunch dog only, or if more accompany me, I would have all but one taken up where game was either pretty certain to be found, or was actually known to be ; for at such times, how staunch soever in company the dogs may be, the fewer down at a time the better, because the less show and noise. Nay, where a covey has been marked down to a yard, it is sometimes advisable to go up without a dog at all ; to take a shot or two, and make a silent signal to your follower to loose the dog when you want him ; and though some sportsmen may be disposed to smile at the assertion, I am confident that both the size of a dog, and the style of his ranging and going up to his game, when birds are wild, have often a good deal (more than his color, though there may be something, too, in that,) to do with his obtaining shots for his owner. A great big setter who gallops high, lashes his tail about like a lion, and walks upright to his game, will often raise the birds, when a low dog that gently steals away, and crouches close to the ground, the instant he touches on the scent, will "have" them !

Whenever a dog points, the shooter should endeavor to spring the birds so as to secure the fairest shots he can, and especially for the second barrel. From the dog's manner (and this his master should study, as equally good dogs vary in their modes of indicating their approach to game), and the direction of his head, he may generally form a good idea whereabouts the birds are, and will go directly up to them, will head them, or will walk across between the dog and them, according to circumstances ; generally facing the wind himself, and, therefore, flushing them against it, which causes them to rise with greater reluctance and difficulty, and therefore slower ; thus allowing him more time to perceive the probable direction of their flight, and to select his first shot accordingly. The caution observed by the most cognoscent of the gentlemen of the trap, when they have to deal with "a pair of old blues," and have to face the wind blowing across, is to shoot at that bird first which has the wind the most in its favor ; because the volume of smoke is blown clear away from, instead of across,



the shooter's vision, or into his eyes ; by which means, not only is his sight of the second bird unclouded, but the bird itself, meanwhile, has been "detained," more or less, "by contrary winds." And this plan is also well deserving a place in the memory of the game-shooter.

In still weather, as most shooters can hit a bird flying to the left, better than one crossing to the right, it will generally be found advisable to fire first at the latter, especially if a cross shot to the left be immediately afterwards likely to present itself ; but, in nearly all cases where birds are wild, *quickness* (for if you hesitate you are lost) in firing the first barrel is the grand secret in killing double shots in brilliant style ; unquestionably, at once the most difficult, interesting, and beautiful feature in all shooting.

But the shooter should not only endeavor to spring the birds in a way the most likely to prove favorable to his getting present shots, but should also strive, by intercepting them, to divert the direction of their flight from covert to 'vantage ground\*—such as turnips, small patches of gorse, young plantations, with long dry grass at the bottom, ling, fern on warrens, &c., where he may shortly afterwards have the pleasure of popping at them, again and again, as they get up singly ; and not improbably, at last, may be able to give a very satisfactory account of the whole covey.

At the same time, when birds are wild, the shooter ought, generally, to spring them as he considers best for the immediate shot, regardless of the course they may afterwards choose to take. For, "one bird in hand," &c. But as there are exceptions to all rules, so are there cases, even where birds are wild, when actual forbearance from shooting at all, or, in other words, letting the birds go quietly away, will prove the shooter's best policy.

In countries where birds are exceedingly scarce, and such are becoming more and more numerous every season, it is a good plan, whenever a single or "odd bird" rises within shot, or even as a long shot, to fire, without waiting for a nearer rise, or for the expected remainder of the covey springing at your feet ; because it frequently happens that the wild rising bird is an orphan, and, it may be, the sole survivor of a family of sixteen ; and, if more be left, you still have your second barrel in reserve. By attending to this rule, I have frequently bagged my brace or two of *oddlings* in a day, where many shooters, on coming home, would have declared they had not had the chance of a single shot. Two halves are equal to a whole, and a brace of birds is no bad morning's work for the latter end of the season, at least in countries where shots, at best, are "few and far between." These odd birds are as generally as erroneously considered old ones, which, after October, is rarely the case.

London Sporting Review for June, 1842.

\* Although no advocate for a host of mobbing markers, yet when birds are wild, and game is much wanted, I see no harm in making your only attendant useful. You will often find your account in planting him on a gate, or eminence, as a marker ; and, when it is more convenient or advisable, to have him near to you, he may sometimes be placed as an auxiliary to turn the birds in the direction you wish them to go. Various little preconcerted signals, also, should be mutually understood betwixt you, so that you may telegraph to advantage at a distance.

## REVIEW OF THE ASCOT MEETING.

BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ.

It was a bright glorious morning as throng upon throng took their sultry way to Imperial Ascot, where the Queen of Hearts was to be a spectator with her truly loving and loyal subjects, in witnessing the contest of speed and power between the best horses living. Bee's-wing and Lanercost were again to be pitted, and the prize of honor was no less than the elegant piece of plate misnamed "the Cup." To give the details of this unsurpassable brilliant meeting would be to tell a thread-bare tale—one that has been told o'er and o'er again; still this principal feature of attraction must not be passed unnoticed. The following noble horses were entered:—Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, Mr. Combe's The Nob, Mr. Pettit na. St. Francis, Mr. Thornhill's Eringo, and Mr. Kirby's Lanercost. These are named as they came in; Marshal Soult, Bokhara, Little Wonder, and Potentia were drawn. Eager eyes surveyed the little lot from their quill-tipped ears to the silken fetlock, as they were stripped like harlequins from their clothes. For symmetry, beauty, and tried excellence, the globe might be searched in vain for their superiors, and difficult indeed would be the task to discover their equals.

The flower of the North, Bee's-wing, has started sixty-two times and won forty-eight races, including twenty-two Cups. Upon one occasion, at Kelso, she ran a dead heat with Lanercost, when he was drawn to permit her to take away the Roxburghe Cup in a walk. Success is certain to procure an abundance of friends; but

"As we do turn our backs  
From our companion thrown into his grave,  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away."

Never was the sage poet's effusion more veritably illustrated than in the present instance; but to anticipate a premature digestion. *Tintinnabulum sonat; id est*, "the bell tingles," and after the process of saddling had been gone through with, "the heroes of the cap and snaffle" were lifted into their respective spans of tanned hide, and away each went to become the focus of tens of thousands of eyes. Any one with sufficient powers of vision to guide his footsteps from striding under a bridge instead of over it, might perceive the utter inability of Lanercost to live an ordinary pace on such ground, compared to which the wood-pavement in Oxford Street is soft and pliant. The old horse put his feet on the brown sward like an exquisite would cross a newly Macadamised road with tight boots and a sprinkle of favorite corns. So careful was he in the preliminary canter, and so tender with his pins, that innumerable correct opinions were expressed as to his whereabouts

in the race. "Go behind I must, I cannot go before," was clearly pourtrayed in "the dot-and-go-one" style of this fine old fellow, and by the honest open avowal of his groggy condition added another green leaf to his wreath by not deceiving his friends.\*

At a very slow pace Eringo led; but after a short distance Bee's-wing, who hates "fearful commenting, or dull delay," scorned the tug from the checking rein, and went off like a meteor, despite of Cartwright's strains and pulls. Eringo put his nose in the second position, and Lanercost, forgetting his pains and ills, strode into the third, while the other two were immediately behind him. At a great pace it was "follow me" with Bee's-wing, and no change occurred in their places until the bottom of the hill was gained, when The Nob took Lanercost's. A few lengths before the brick-yard, the old horse declined to the call, and, gradually dropping into the rear, was, at the last turn, beaten into a stand-still, but did not break down as was generally supposed. One of the most exciting and beautiful struggles now began. Into the straight running the four flew, The Nob and St. Francis closing with the "merry maid," and trying to head her. For two or three strides the young ambitious Nob's endeavors were not fruitless; but the blood of Syntax was reached by the reserved gaff just opposite the Stand, and then "Bee's-wing, Bee's-wing's the winner," loaded the air until it trembled with the joyous acclamations. St. Francis made a desperate effort, and was beaten by less than a length, while the mare wrested the palm of victory from The Nob by about half a one. Thus ended one of the most beautiful races for the Ascot Cup on record.

At its termination a crowd collected round the winner with admiring eyes and applauding tongues, and as she was taken away, cheers burst from countless lips, and many accompanied her some distance to expatiate on her symmetry and beauty. But where was Lanercost's former host of friends? Not one seemed to remember what he had done in days gone by. Times past were forgotten, and the beaten hero was led from the scene of his defeat "with their backs turned to his buried fortunes."

Her Majesty and suite quitted the ground soon after the Gold Cup was decided. The Royal *cortège* consisted of ten carriages and three phaetons. In the first with Her Majesty were His Royal Highness Prince Albert and Count Mensdorf; in the others were the Counts Alphonso, Hugo, Alexander, and Arthur Mensdorf, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Wellington, Duke of Beaufort, Duke of Sutherland, Count and Countess St. Aulaire, Marquis of Exeter, Marquis of Normanby, Earl of Liverpool, Earl Delawarr, Earl Jersey, Earl of Aberdeen, Lord and Lady Wharnccliffe, Lord and Lady Portman, Countess of Rosslyn, Earl of Morton, Lord C. Wellesley, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Anson, Hon. C. Murray, Sir E. Bowater, Sir H. Wheatley, and Captain Meynell.

From the quick succession of the eight races, which came off

\* Mr. Kirby, the owner of Lanercost, has accused some unknown parties with having drugged his horse.

in the most approved manner, it was impossible for the Ladies to leave their carriages for a promenade on the course of any duration. This decreased much the brilliancy of the scene, and led many to imagine the company was not so *élite* as formerly; but I think more elegant or more numerous spectators have never yet visited Ascot Heath.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for July, 1842.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP, 1842.

WON BY MR. ORDE'S BEE'S-WING.

From "Bell's Life in London" of June 10.

ACCORDING to our annual custom, we this month present to our readers an Engraving of THE GOLD CUP, or Piece of Plate, won at Ascot, on Thursday, June 9, by Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, beating The Nob, St. Francis, Eringo, and Lanercost. It is from the celebrated manufactory of Messrs. Garrard, the silversmiths, in the Haymarket, and for beauty of execution fully sustains the reputation of those gentlemen. It is cast in silver, from the design of Mr. Cotterill, to whose taste and talents we are indebted for those elegant groups which have, for several years past, taken the place of the less picturesque "Cup." The subject is the capture of John of Luxembourg's banner by Edward, the Black Prince, at the battle of Cressy, and may be said to be a sequel to the incident related in the following passage from Froissart:—"But the most remarkable victim was John de Luxembourg, King of Bohemia; he was old and blind, but on hearing that his son was dangerously wounded, and forced to abandon the field, and that nothing could resist the Black Prince, he resolved to charge himself, and placing himself between two knights, whose bridles were interlaced on either side with his, he charged and fell. His crest, three ostrich feathers, with the motto 'Ich Dien,' (I serve), was adopted by Prince Edward, and has ever since been borne by the Prince of Wales." The group is composed of three figures—the Prince, who is mounted, and a knight and page on foot. On the ground is the banner, to which the Prince's attention has been directed, and he is surveying it with manifest curiosity. The Prince is armed *cap-a-pié*, but the horse on which he is seated has no armor to conceal the beauty of its figure. In the elegant and finely proportioned form of the horse Mr. Cotterill displays a thorough knowledge of the anatomical structure of that noble animal. The composition of the group, though not so elaborate and imposing as on some former occasions, is, however, simple and graceful; and its effect is much increased by the gilding of the ornamental parts of the costume. This not only imparts richness and variety to the material of which the group is fashioned, but aids the composition by occasionally interrupting the continuous white contour of the silver. It has received the approbation of Her Majesty, and other individuals distinguished for their taste and judgment.







## The South vs. The West !

### MISS FOOTE'S CHALLENGE TO ZENITH ACCEPTED!

#### Alabama vs. Kentucky !

The Challenge offered by Messrs. HEINSOHN and COCH, of Alabama, the owners of *Miss Foote*, to CHARLES BUFORD, Esq., of Kentucky, the owner of *Zenith*, has been accepted, and the Match closed ! The Challenge was to run *Miss Foote* vs. *Zenith*, four mile heats, for \$5000 a side, half forfeit. Messrs. H. and C. offered to give or take \$250, and run the race at Louisville or Lexington. It will be seen by the following letter that Mr. B. pays the \$250, and names the Lexington Course. The Match is to come off on the 3d Monday of Sept., the 19th, the day previous to the regular Fall Meeting of the Kentucky Association :—

"LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 16, 1842.

"MR. CHARLES BUFORD—*Dear Sir* : Your acceptance of *Miss Foote's* banter to *Zenith* was received last evening, and your modifications relative to the forfeit we accept. We will place in the Northern Bank of Kentucky, at Lexington, Kentucky, twenty-five hundred dollars, the amount of *Miss Foote's* forfeit, to the credit of HENRY CLAY, Jr., as our stakeholder, on or before the 25th of this month, (June.) Trusting this will be agreeable to you, and close the match, we are

"Your obedient servants,

HEINSOHN & COCH."

This race, next to that between *The North* and *The South*, is likely to be the great event of the season. It is a match between two rival "race horse regions"—Alabama and Kentucky—between The South and The West, and what adds to its interest is the fact that while the Alabama crack is by an imported horse out of an imported mare, the Kentucky champion is by a native horse out of a native mare ! Here we shall have a fair contest between the Imported and Native bred Stock, at the good old fashioned distance of four mile heats. Both horses have greatly distinguished themselves, and are fair specimens of the Blood Stock of the respective States in which they were bred. From the confidence felt in each by their many friends, we may anticipate a most animated contest, heavy betting, and an immense throng of spectators. Under these circumstances we have thought a brief epitome of the performances, etc. of the rival champions, would be peculiarly interesting to our readers at this time, and especially to those who have a degree of "speculation in their eyes."

#### PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF MISS FOOTE.

*Miss Foote* was bred by E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq. of Huntsville, Ala., and foaled in 1838. She was got by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Gabrielle (bred by the Duke of Grafton, in 1820,) by Partisan, her dam Coquette by Dick Andrews, (son of Joe Andrews, a son of Eclipse,) Coquette's dam was Vanity by Buzzard, out of Dabchick by Pot-8-o's—Drab by Highflier—Hebe by Chrysolite, out of Proserpine, sister to Eclipse, etc. Gabrielle, the dam of *Miss Foote*, is the dam also of seven other horses, bred in England by Mr. YATES, some of whom have distinguished themselves there.

*Miss Foote* is a blood bay, with black mane, tail, and legs, and not over fourteen hands two inches high, being one inch under Trifle's height. A more game and bloodlike looking filly never looked through a bridle ; her temper, too, is as fine as Fashion's, and like Joe Laird on that phenomenon, Monk can place her anywhere. She is described by a friend at our elbow, as having a straight clean head though somewhat large ; clear and expressive eyes, a small muzzle with expansive nostrils, and a full throttle well placed between wide and roomy jaws ; her ears are finely tapered and set on wide apart, and altogether the appearance of her head is indicative of good temper and animation. Her head is well set on to a rather long neck, which comes well out from shoul-

ders remarkably oblique, and admirably shapen. Low as she stands, few of the large horses on the Turf can measure with her "through the heart," as it is termed; her depth and expansion of chest is enormous, affording "scope and verge enough" for the complete action of her respiratory organs. Her barrel is unusually large and strongly ribbed out, almost back to her stifle, so that her flank reminds one of the pictures of the famous little Gimcrack. She rises very high on the withers, and though her back is of good length, she is very strong under the saddle, having arched loins supported by broad filets. Her quarters are long, capitally shaped, and her hocks are models of strength and beauty. She stands with her feet well under her, and in walking or galloping, her tracks are placed like those of a fox; she goes in a direct line, gathers quickly, and with the ease of Monarch, and covers about twenty-one feet in her stride. Her limbs are remarkably clean, and the articulation of her joints, with the tendons and sinews standing out in broad relief, is superb. Her fore arms are long and muscular, while her cannon bones are very short; her pasterns are oblique and flexible, and she stands clear and even upon diminutive but tough black feet, with good width at the heels. She is a long, dry, clean muscled mare, with nothing superfluous about her form; her strength being well placed and her symmetry perfect in an eminent degree. To a turn of speed the most remarkable, she unites indomitable game, so that when in condition, she has proved too stout for the strong and too fleet for the fast.

#### Miss Foote's Performances.

1841. May 6—Columbia, Tenn.	Sweepstakes	Mile heats	won	\$1100
— Oct. 26—Holly Spr'gs, Miss.	Sweepstakes	"	"	400
— " 30—Holly Spr'gs, Miss.	Purse	"	"	150
— Dec. 10—New Orleans	Sweepstakes	"	"	150
— " 12—New Orleans	Purse	"	"	400
1842. March 8—Mobile, Ala.	Sweepstakes	Two mile heats	"	1500
— " 10—Mobile, Ala.	Purse and Stake	Three " "	"	800
— " 26—New Orleans	Purse	Four " "	"	800
— June 3—Louisville, Ky.	Purse	Four " "	"	1000
— " 4—Louisville, Ky.	Purse	Mile	lost	—

Miss Foote has thus started ten times, and won nine races, in thirteen

months, winning ..... **\$6,300**

#### PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF ZENITH.

*Zenith* was bred by CHARLES BUFORD, Esq., of Georgetown, Scott County, Ky., and foaled in 1838. He is by Eclipse, out of Belle Anderson, (the dam of Mr. B.'s celebrated Ripple) by Sir William of Transport, her dam by Somter, etc. The pedigree of Belle Anderson is not given at length in the "Am. Turf Register," though we understand she is very highly bred. She ran at Louisville so late as September, 1834, when she was 4 years old, in the name of Capt. WILLA VILEY. [See "Turf Register vol. vi, p. 307.] Mr. B. will doubtless furnish a copy of her pedigree, and a list of her distinguished progeny, for publication. Ripple (by Medoc) was one of the most superior race mares ever bred in the State. On the 8th of October, 1840, at 4 years old, she won the J. C. purse for three mile heats, at Louisville, in 5:51—5:47—5:44—5:52, beating Lucy Fuller (who won the 2d heat,) Maria Collier (who won the 1st heat,) Laura Webster and Maffitt. Ripple ran a close 2d in the 2d heat and won the 3d and 4th after a prodigious fine race.

*Zenith* in the Spring of his three years old form, measured about fifteen hands and an inch under the standard, but we hear that he has since grown tall and has spread very much. He is a bay, with a star and a white hind foot, and at the time referred to, except that he was more round in the barrel and flank, he closely resembled Mingo. Unfortunately for us he was sent home after his first race (the day previous to our arrival at Lexington,) so that we did not have the pleasure of seeing him.

#### Zenith's Performances.

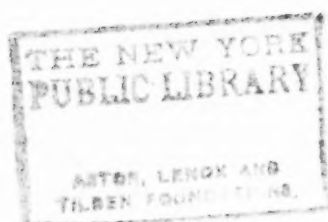
1841. May 18—Lexington, Ky.	Sweepstakes	Mile heats	won	\$1050
— Oct. 1—Lexington, Ky.	Sweepstakes	Two mile heats	won	1200
— " 13—Louisville, Ky.	Poststake	Two mile heats	won	4000
1842. May 20—Lexington, Ky.	Purse	Three mile heats	won	500

*Zenith*, without losing a race, has won in twelve months, including his ownstake .....

**\$6,750**

Miss Foote's challenge to *Zenith* was made on the 4th June. It was immediately accepted by him on her acceding to a suggestion that the forfeit be de-







OUR NELL.

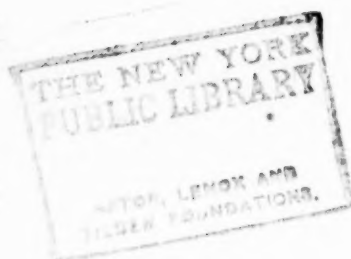
ATILLA.

1872-73

OUR NELL.

ATTILA.







posited in bank notes in lieu of notes of hand. The money was deposited, we learn, on the 25th, in the Northern Bank of Kentucky, HENRY CLAY, JR., Esq., of Lexington, being the stake holder. We hear that Zenith is to be trained under the eye of his high spirited owner by Mr. BUDD; he is now walking, with Letcher and some other good ones, as stable companions. Miss Foote, to be trained by Mr. Coch, was daily expected at Lexington on the 23d with an own brother. We fervently hope the rival champions may come to the post on the 19th September in condition to run for a man's life—that the course and weather may be fine, and, more than all, that we "may be there to see!"

### ATTILA, WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1842.

With an Etching from Bell's Life in London.

DESCRIPTION.—*Attila* has a peculiar Arab-looking head, rather long neck, oblique and good shoulder, long withers, excellent loins and middle-piece, very fine quarters, large hocks, but rather small knees; he is a small sized horse; in color a rich bay, and remarkably good tempered.

PEDIGREE.—*Attila* was bred in 1839; got by Colwick, out of Progress (bred in 1833 by Colonel Hancox) by Langar, her dam by Blacklock, grandam by Knowsley, out of Surveyor's dam. Progress is also the dam of Evelyn, now the property of Lord Henry Seymour. Colwick was bred by the late Mr. Beardsworth in 1828, and was got by Filho da Puta, out of Stella by Sir Oliver, her dam Scotilla by Anvil, out of Scota by Eclipse—Herod, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—Has started six times and won all his races.

ENGAGEMENTS.—Is in the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood; and in the St. Leger, Gascoigne, and Scarborough Stakes at Doncaster.

### "OUR NELL," WINNER OF THE OAKS, 1842.

With an Etching from Bell's Life in London.

PEDIGREE—OUR NELL was got by Bran, out of Fury (bred by Mr Ridsdale in 1832), by Tramp, out of Lunacy by Blacklock—Maniac by Shuttle—Beningbrough—Expectation by Herod. This filly belongs to Mr. Dawson, the trainer, who purchased her from Mr. Marshall, for £60, with a contingency of £200 should she win the Oaks. Besides the stakes, Mr. Dawson nets about £3,000, and Tommy Lye £1,100 (that is, if they get it). The animal has rather a coarse head, but is remarkably wiry and muscular in her general developments, and has been long regarded by the *cognoscenti* in the north as likely to "do the trick." She is of a bright bay colour.

ENGAGEMENTS—Is in the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes at Hampton, the Horsley Stakes and Cup at Dudley and Tipton, the Produce Stakes at Wolverhampton, and the Avon Stakes and Cup at Warwick.

## Notes of the Month.

### AUGUST.

**Long Island Races.**—The Fall Meeting of the N. Y. Jockey Club will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct. The purses are \$300, \$500, and \$1000, for Two, Three, and Four mile heats, of which \$50, \$100, and \$200, respectively out of each purse, is to go to the second best horse, thereby inducing more numerous fields.

**Suggestion anent another good Race.**—As there is small likelihood of a second match being made up between *Fashion* and *Boston*, the still rival champions of The North and The South, would it not be worth the consideration of some Northern proprietor to offer such inducements as would ensure their coming together here during the Fall campaign? Suppose the proprietors should offer a purse of \$2,000 for Four mile heats, to be run for on the Monday preceding the Club meeting, and exclusive of the regular four mile purse, on the express condition that *Fashion* and *Boston* should start? The friends of the rival champions might, on this, make up an inside stake of \$5,000, less or more, on the race, and thus give every one an opportunity of "standing in" for a slice of "a good thing." A race this Fall between *Fashion* and *Boston*, if arranged in season to allow of persons coming on from a distance, would attract as many, if not more spectators than did their great match in May, when the proprietors are said to have realized a profit of near \$10,000! Every turfman throughout the country would be glad to hear that another race had been made up, and would make a point of attending it. If one can be made up, therefore, in this, or any other way, it will be a source of immense profit to the proprietor of the course over which it comes off, and very possibly result in "decidedly" "the best race ever run in America!" What do you think of it, gentlemen?

**Northern Stables.**—The New Jersey stables, a friend writes, are likely to be well filled with "the raw material" for the Fall campaign. Young James Van Mater, Mr. Hellings, Sam Taylor and others, are expecting to bring out pretty long strings.

LAIRD has not taken his horses up yet. Mr. GIBBONS sent *Fashion* to him on last Thursday week, to join *Mariner*. Mr. G.'s fine colt *Yamacraw*, own brother to *Mariner*, he yet retains at home. Laird has a Mingo colt of Mr. KELLY's, of considerable promise. It is uncertain, we believe, whether CHARLES LLOYD is to train a stable in Jersey, or open a public stable on the Island, at the Union Course. In either event he will have a fine lot.

On Long Island several important changes are likely to take place. ALFRED CONOVER, the popular trainer of Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS, has leased from that gentleman his fine establishment, and is to open a public stable, offering great inducements to owners of horses. [Mr. Stevens is so entirely engaged upon his steam-vessel for Harbor Defence, which he is building for Government, that he has been obliged to give up his training establishment for a limited period. Capt. STOCKTON is likewise occupied with a steam-frigate for Government.] Conover is to have Mr. LIVINGSTON's fine mare *Columbia*, added to his string. The stables of Maj. JONES, Capt. SUTTON, and other gentlemen, will probably be divided between Conover and Lloyd. Both are favorably known as at the head of their profession; give them the raw material and the tools, and they can make pretty much anything a race horse.

**Boston in the Breeding Stud.**—We have it "from the very highest authority known" to the *Sporting World*, that *Boston* has covered but *Andrewetta* and

*Ironette* this season. We wish the number had been *two less*, but still this is better than "Andrewetta and a few other choice mares." The gallant old champion is now as fat as a saddle horse, in fine health, and with legs as fine as a 3 yr. old. Fashion, too, is looking well; the mark of her mis-called "curb" she yet retains, but it is now fully believed that the unsightly mark on her leg is the result of a bruise. A mare that can run four mile heats in 7:32½—7:45, "can take our hat," whether she has got a curb or not.

*Exhibition of Fashion*—A few weeks since, at the general desire of the citizens of Morristown, N. J., who have taken the greatest interest in her success, Mr. GIBBONS was induced to allow *Fashion*, the pride of New Jersey, to be exhibited on the public square of that beautiful town. The "Jerseyman" newspaper announced that on a named day *Fashion* would be in town and prepared to receive the calls of her admirers. Quite a multitude assembled, and it was a grand affair. *Fashion*, accompanied by Edith, her half sister, gaily bedecked with appropriate blue rosettes and fanciful streamers, and resplendent in new blue liveries, were punctually in attendance, and excited the liveliest enthusiasm. "Huzza for the Bonnets o' Blue," was in every one's mouth, and "*Fashion*" was the reigning toast. After being walked round the square and examined by the admiring throng of spectators, these distinguished guests of the town proceeded to the residence of Dr. CANFIELD, who has been most assiduous in his attention to *Fashion* since her great race, and has nearly removed, by his prescriptions, all appearance of a curb. At Dr. C.'s they were greeted with the smiles and attentions of a brilliant assemblage of belles, comprising all the beauty and fashion of the town. The whole affair was well arranged and went off with great spirit. The appearance of Fanny Elssler would not be hailed with so much enthusiasm anywhere in New Jersey, nor attract half the attention of *Fashion*. Now that Mr. Van Buren has returned to Albany, and "Boz" gone home to London, *Fashion* is, emphatically, the "lion" of the day.

*Stud of Wm. J. MINOR, Esq., of Natchez, Miss.*—A complete list of the stud of this spirited breeder and turfman is given in the June No. of the "Am. Turf Register." An esteemed Louisiana correspondent writes, since that publication, that Mr. M.'s colt foal by Grey Medoc out of his imported mare Orleans, "is the best he ever saw except only and always, the great Harkforward of his friend Judge PORTER." This is the first of Grey Medoc's get of which we have heard. May he turn out many more such. BERRY WILLIAMS, the distinguished Tennessee trainer, also writes of the foals of two of Mr. Minor's brood mares kept in that "race horse region," that Imp. Britannia has a bay filly by Pacific, and Telie Doe a bay filly by Imp. Belshazzar, that are equal to any in the State.

Dr. JOHN B. IRVING, of Charleston, S. C., one of the most ornate and elegant of American Sporting writers, proposes to publish by subscription "*A History of the South Carolina Turf.*" The work, handsomely bound, will be delivered at one dollar and a half. Its contents will include "the Importations of Blood Stock into the province of South Carolina, prior to the Revolution, and Anecdotes of the distinguished gentlemen on the South Carolina Turf from its commencement to the present day—with other original Sporting pieces." No gentleman of our acquaintance is better calculated to do justice to a work of this kind than Dr. Irving. He brings to the task an enthusiastic fondness for the Turf and is alike familiar with the distinguished men and horses that have figured on it. For very many years he has been the Secretary of the South Carolina Jockey Club, and in his researches among the early records of the Carolina Turf he has succeeded in collecting a fund of information, and thus rescued from oblivion many facts of peculiar interest which are fast passing away. Again expressing our gratification that the History of the South Carolina Turf has fallen into such hands, we shall be gratified to forward the names of any gentlemen in this section of the country, who may be desirous of obtaining a copy of the work.

*Cock Shooting.*—Two gentlemen of this city, Messrs. G. A. W., and R. S., bagged one day last week in Orange County, near the Hudson river, no less than one hundred and twenty-four Woodcock in eleven hours.

*Another Present*, and not the least interesting of the curiosities in our collection, has been sent us lately by JOSEPH LAIRD, the capital jockey of *Fashion* in all her races, for which he will accept our acknowledgments, and also our best wishes that he may ride the winner of the *next* "best race ever run in America," whenever it comes off! Young Laird has presented us with the *Spurs* he wore when riding *Fashion* in the match with Boston—spurs with which he has ridden eighteen miles, in races, in a single day, and which have tapped the claret of some of the finest horses in the Union. They are of polished steel, of the finest temper, and the rowels of one of them shows marks of service, as *Mariner* and *Clarion* probably remember. The pair, with the straps complete and ready for use, weigh exactly *an ounce and a half*!

We acknowledged the receipt last month from Boston of what is termed, about the office, "*The Oaks Plate*." Some wag incited by a sight of it, has left with us "*A Derby Saddle*" to match it, we presume. There is a *Bridle*, too, said to have been worn by the winner of the *Ass-yrrian Stakes* in Ireland, in which each man rides his neighbor's donkey, the last one in being the winner! We only lack now, "a toasting iron" to be able to fit out "*A Bold Dragoon*" for Texas, with a "long sword, saddle, bridle," but he must go *there* for his "whack, row de dow, dow!"

An error occurred in the list of Moose shot by the Brigade in Canada, lately, copied from the Quebec "*Mercury*," and a "*rayther*" serious one. An Officer of the Guards desires us to place the number 4, instead of 46, opposite the names of Lord F. PAULET and Lieut. Col. GREENWOOD. The paragraph reached us through the Toronto "*Herald*," and the error was not made in this office. The "total" number of Moose killed was stated at 93, but if we are to deduct *forty* (as "among the missing!") should not some of the gentlemen of the party be credited with a larger number than is stated?

*More Blood Stock gone to Canada*.—The Toronto "*Herald*" chronicles the recent arrival there of Mr. Barnes Baird, from Long Island, with the following thorough-bred cattle for sale:—

*Oliver*, aged, by Mayday, out of Betsey Richards.

*Darlington*, 6 yrs. by Imp. Barefoot.

A 4 yr. old colt by Imp. Trustee, out of Gulnare.

A 4 yr. old filly by Imp. Trustee, dam by Imp. Expedition.

*Amanda*, 5 yrs., own sister to Prince Albert.

One or two trotting horses.

*Horses and Horse Shoes*.—The "*American*" states, that "according to the late United States Census, there are in the United States *four million horses*! It is said that they require *twenty five thousand tons* of iron annually for shoes!

"*A propos* of Horse Shoes—it is stated in the Troy papers that *Mr. Burden*, the ingenious worker in iron, of that city, has invented and successfully applied machinery to the fabrication of these articles. A bar of iron is put into the machinery which converts it rapidly into well fashioned horse shoes, punched with nail-holes, and ready to be put on."

Of the "*Four Million Horses*" alluded to above, how many, probably, are thorough-bred? A friend at our elbow thinks as many as One Hundred Thousand, which we doubt. If the number of stallions is set down at 1000, the brood mares at 8000, and the horses on the Turf at 1000, there is still left the enormous number of 90,000 thorough-breds to be accounted for.

#### RIFLE SHOOTING.

Boston, June 21st, 1842.

*Dear Sir*.—My only object in coming before the public as a prize shooter, is to give what I consider a deserved currency to my improvement in the construction of the Rifle.

It was stated in your publication, but without my authority, that the "*sample targets*" alluded to by Mr. Lumas, were off-hand shooting.\* They were made in testing new guns, and that we always do at rest. Here Mr. Lumas is probably under a false impression. If Mr. Lumas will visit me with credentials



satisfying me that I can rely on his behaving with strict propriety in a match, I am willing to make the following proposals:—For the sum of \$500 at 50 yards, I will shoot thirty shots against the thirty on the engraved targets. The shooting shall be performed in exactly the same manner as it was in that, viz.: from a rest, five shots each trial, for six successive trials, selecting the centres in each, after shooting. If he can better his case by selecting new centres in the sample targets, he can have that privilege. It was stated in my communication that I *had* shifted the centres in some of the targets in the sample.

In this I must have choice of weather, and consider my chance just equal to win or loose. This offer is made on conditions only, that Mr. Lumas will shoot against me at rest, ten string shots at 100 yards, for \$500, using an old fashioned rifle against my improvement. This I know I can win. I shall be pleased to receive a visit from Mr. Lumas—I will not ask him to shoot against me, but hold myself sacredly bound to fulfil the above proposals. I shall disguise nothing for the sake of obtaining a match—I will go into the field and show him what I can do; he may then decline or accept, as he prefers.

Respectfully yours,

ALVAN CLARK.

P S.—I am intending to visit your city in the course of a few weeks.

\* Mr. C. is in error here, Mr. LUMAS does *not* allude to the Targets made by Mr. STARR, of Philadelphia, of which we spoke, but to Mr. Clark's fac-similes of the "fair samples of the shooting of Mr. Wesson's rifles."—*Editor*.

#### QUERIES BY "VETERAN."

To the Editor of the "Am. Turf Register."

No. 1. Mr. A. buys a horse for the purpose of running him as a race horse, and for £50 allows Mr. B. to buy half of him, giving over the horse to B. to be trained and taken care of. A written agreement is made between them, that if either party wished to dispose of his share, he must first offer it to his partner for £100, and in case his partner should not buy, he might sell it to whomsoever he pleased. A. offers his share to B., who declines buying; thereupon A. sells his share of the horse for £50 to Mr. C., and gives over the written agreement previously made between him and B. Does C. stand in exactly the same position with regard to B. as did A.? *Answer*—Precisely.

No. 2. Many weeks elapse, and the horse, remaining in B.'s stable, is trained by him. On the 5th of June, the day of entry for the Merchant's Plate (a race decided by *heats*), B. nominates the horse early in the morning, and sends £5 (half the entrance money) with his nomination. On the same day, four hours later, Mr. C. sends £5, and nominates a horse, upon which the Stewards warn him that he can only start one horse, although he may nominate as many as he pleases, as it is contrary to rule to allow any gentleman to start more than one horse, partly or entirely his property, for a race decided by heats. Upon this C. sends a protest, stating he does not wish the horse entered by B., of which he is part proprietor, to run. B., on the other hand, claims priority of entry, possession of the horse, and having trained him solely and *exclusively* for racing, (C. not having allowed him to let the horse to mares, and having no part or concern in the horse proposed by C.) begs the Stewards will reject the nomination made by C. How are the Stewards to act? *Answer*—The nomination made by B. must be received. His claim of "priority" cannot be disputed.

No. 3. Has C. the right to preclude B. from starting the horse their joint property, or has B. a right to request C. should draw the horse entered four hours after his (B.'s) nomination? *Answer*—C. has no right, under the circumstances, to preclude Mr. B. from starting the horse (their joint property) first nominated. Mr. B. might insist that Mr. C. should withdraw his nomination, as prejudicial to his interest, the more especially as he (Mr. B.), in making his nomination, was promoting the interest of Mr. C. equally with his own.

GEORGE W. SMITH, Esq., of Missouri, is about establishing an extensive breeding stud in that State. Among his recent purchases in Kentucky, is Directress, the dam of Gazan, with a colt by Grey Eagle at her foot, and a 2 yr. old filly out of her by Zinganee. These were purchased of A. L. SHOTWELL, Esq. Mr. Smith also takes with him Mary Porter and her half sister.

## ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

At the Newcastle Races, Maj. YARBURGH's Heslington, a "dark colt," carried off the Northumberland Plate, to the great surprise of every one interested in his success. The distance was two miles; Heslington, a 4 yr. old, carrying 102lbs. won it in 3:28!—at the rate of 1:44 each mile!

The following day Mr. ORDE's celebrated mare *Bee's-wing*, now nine years old, won the Gold Cup,—two miles—beating the renowned Charles XII., winner of the St. Leger in 1839. *Bee's wing* carrying 126lbs., won by four lengths, in 3:40! Bell's Life remarks that "To describe the manifestations of delight exhibited by the numerous spectators on the course would be next to impossible. As soon as even the horses had passed the Morpeth turn the crowd closed after them all the way up to the winning post; and, when the number of the mare was telegraphed as the winner, three hearty cheers rent the air, and the people gathered round her as if they would actually have carried her back to weigh. Mr. Orde was congratulated on his success by the gentlemen in the Grand Stand, who loudly cheered him; and when he made his appearance in the yard he was as warmly greeted by the party assembled there. The health of *Bee's-wing* was drunk in a flowing bumper, and Mr. Orde, in his usual felicitous manner, returned thanks for the compliment paid, as he observed, to the most superior animal that perhaps, ever was seen; she had done her duty, he continued, and he hoped her friends had won money, whilst those who had placed their confidence in her antagonist on this occasion would be satisfied that they had lost fairly. Three cheers were then given for "t'ould mare," and success to her respected owner.

*Sale of Racing Stock, &c.*—The following yearlings, &c., the property of GEORGE WALKER, Esq., were sold at Tattersall's on Monday:—

Bay colt by Voltaire, out of Pauline (Gladiator's dam).....	80
Bay colt by Voltaire, out of Francesca (Kremlin's dam).....	51
Brown colt by Emilius, out of Velocity (sister to Velocipede).....	94
Chesnut colt by Velocipede, out of Gverdon, by Tramp, out of Pauline...	165
Dark bay filly, by Voltaire, out of Velocipede's dam.....	205
Bay filly by Voltaire, out of Emineh, by Sultan, out of Velocipede's dam..	35
Chesnut colt, two years old, by Emilius, out of Velocipede's dam, engaged in the Two years-old Stakes of 20 sovs. each at Doncaster, 1842, and Derby and St. Leger, 1843.....	440

*Scott's Lot in the Derby of 1843.*

Col. Anson's b. c. Armytage, by Velocipede, out of Louisa.  
 Mr. Bowes's b. c. Cotherstone, by Touchstone, out of Emma, dam of Mundig and Trustee.  
 Mr. Bowes's br. c. Auld Lang Syne, by Brethby, out of Oblivion.  
 Mr. Bowes's ch. c. Baldersdale, by Brethby, out of Maid of Lune.  
 Mr. Bowes's ch. c. The Goblin of Gozeley, by Brethby, out of Sreatlam Sprite.  
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Parthian, by Jereed, out of Cyprian.  
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Prizefighter, by Gladiator, out of Barbara.  
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Napier, by Gladiator, out of Marion.  
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. New Brighton, by Liverpool, out of Arachne.  
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Ainsworth, by Jereed, out of Vacura.  
 Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Beadsman, by Jereed, out of Charity.  
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. by Gladiator, out of Anchorite's dam.  
 Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Gamecock, by Jereed, out of Game Lass.  
 Mr. Clark's ch. c. Philip, by Jereed, dam by Catton.  
 Mr. Clark's b. c. Abernethy, by Physician, dam by Muley.  
 Mr. Eddison's b. c. Chesterfield, by Langar or Jereed, out of Lyndhurst's dam.  
 Mr. J. Scott's (now Lord Chesterfield's) ch. c. by Jereed, out of Progress.  
 Major Yarburgh's br. c. Dumpling, by Muley Moloch, out of Easter.  
 Major Yarburgh's br. c. Mahomet, by Muley Moloch or Voltaire, out of Belinda.  
 Mr. Stanborough's (now Lord Maidstone's) b. c. Larry McHale, by Slane—Rosary.

John Day's lot, we believe, is confined to Mr. Wreford's nomination.

A new race and trotting course is about to be opened at Camden Town, within a mile of London, "on the American plan," being a mile round, and

shaped like our courses. In the sweepstakes opened, we see that *American* trotting horses are to carry a stone (14lbs.) extra! Trotting is beginning to attract great attention in England, and this new course is designed more especially for its exhibition and encouragement.

## TURF REGISTER.

*Blood Stock belonging to BENJ. OGLE TAYLOR, Esq., of Washington, D. C., and of Nanjemoy, in Maryland.*

No. 1. ANNA BLOODGOOD, by John Richards, out of Chloe by Windflower (son of Florizel), grandam (bred by Isaac Duckett, Esq.) by Imp. Gabriel, g. g. dam by Lindsay's Arabian, g. g. dam the famous race mare Thistle (own sister to the famed Primrose) by Imp. Dove—Stella (sister to Selim) by Imp. Othello—Tasker's Selima by the Godolphin Arabian.

*Her Produce.*

1840. June. Ch. f. *Madame Lafarge*, by Corsair.

No. 2. MARCIA, by Sir Charles, out of Lady Johnson by Trafalgar, grandam Sally Slouch (sister to Star) by Virginian, g. g. dam Roxana by Imp. Sir Harry, out of Timoleon's dam by Imp. Saltram—Vildair, &c.

*Her Produce.*

1839. Ch. c. *Baron Stackelberg*, by St. Leger. Sent to Alabama.

1840. June. Ch. f. *Madame De Barry*, by ———.

No. 3. CONSTANCE, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Black Sal by Am. Eclipse, grandam by Hambletonian—Imp. mare by Cottager—Henricus—Regulus, &c.

*Her Produce.*

1840. June. Ch. f. *Medora*, by Corsair.

No. 4. CERULIA, by Marksman, out of Chloe [see No. 1].

*Her Produce.*

1838. Ch. f. *Eglantine*, by Imp. Cetus. [Half owned by Charles Taylor, of Virginia]

No. 5. CONRAD, ch. c., foaled June, 1840, was got by Corsair, out of Chloe. [See No. 1.]

The above stock for sale; enquire of the Editor.

BENJ. OGLE TAYLOR.

*Blood Stock of Dr. J. McDowell, of Rutherfordton, N. C.*

No. 1. LAURA BILLINGS, b. m., foaled 20th May, 1836; got by Gov. Burton, out of a bay mare (owned by E. Reese, of Ala.) by Rapley, out of a Gallatin mare, dam by Director. *Rapley* was got by Bassino, out of Clio by Imp. Whip, she out of Sultana by Imp. Spread Eagle. *Whip* was got by Saltram, his dam by King Herod, grandam by Oronoko—Cartouch, &c. *Gallatin* was got by Imp. Bedford, dam by Mambrino, out of the Sister to Nailer's Sally. *Gov. Burton* was got by Mons. Tonson, out of Lady Burton, &c. Certified to by A. F. Lewis.

No. 2. ANDREW GOVAN, b. c., by Riot (by Sir Archy), out of No. 1;—foaled 22d March, 1832.

No. 3. *Brown Filly*, by S. S. Prentiss (by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington), out of *Industria*; foaled April 16, 1842.

No. 4. *Bay Filly*, by S. S. Prentiss, out of *Multiflora*; foaled 18th May, 1842.

No. 5. *Chesnut Filly* by John Ross, out of Eliza Nelson by Imp. Whale; foaled May, 1841.

The pedigrees of the dams of No. 3, 4, and 5 are recorded in the May No. of the "Turf Register," 1838.

*John Ross* was got by Reform, out of One-eyed Peggy. He died 12 months since, from having his shoulder broken while in training for a three mile race at Quaker Meadows, Burke County, N. C.

No. 6. *Chesnut Gelding*, 3 yrs. old, got by Gov. Burton, out of *Industria*.

S. S. PRENTISS, b. h., foaled in January, 1832, bred by Peter R. Davis, of Warrenton, N. C.; he was got by Imp. Fylde, his dam by Washington (by Timoleon), grandam by Haxall's Imp. Sir Harry, g. g. dam own sister to Sir Ar-

chy, by Diomed. Certified to by Peter R. Davis, 26th Nov., 1840. The property of J. M'Dowell.

W. H. WILKINS.

SARAH BARBOUR, foaled Spring of 1835, the property of Mr. John E. Lewis, deceased, formerly of Pendleton, S. C., was got by Imp. Truffle, out of a Medley mare. The pedigree of the dam of Sarah was unfortunately lost.

Will some of your numerous readers be so kind as to furnish the pedigree of the dam of *Sarah Barbour*? She was said to be got by Medley, and was raised and run about Nashville, Tenn. She was a small brown mare,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  hands high, with very small white spots over her body; was owned by Arch'd M'Laughlin, of Georgia, better known as "honest Archy the swindler;" I think he decamped for Texas in 1834. He, or a Mr. Leander Smith, sent the mare to Imp. Truffle, and after that she was ridden from Milledgeville to Delmege, Ga., in one day. She was then sold by

the sheriff, and Mr. Lewis became the purchaser, who sold her in Mississippi in 1836. She would be now about 12 years old.

J. McDOWELL.

*Rutherfordton, June 13, 1842.*

*Pedigree of FRANKLIN, the property of JOHN J. AMBLER, Esq., of Jaquelin Hall, Va.*

FRANKLIN, a bay colt, with a star, and the two hinder feet white, was foaled at Glenambler, Amherst County, Va., on the 9th of May, 1842. He was got by Rocker, out of Multiflora by Sir Archy—Shylock—Imp. Dare Devil—Wildair—Batte & Maclin's Fearnought—Godolphin—Imp. Hob or Nob—Jolly Roger—Imp. Valiant—Tryall, &c. See preceding volumes of "Turf Register."

Rocker was got by American Eclipse, his dam by Virginian, &c

JOHN JAQUELIN AMBLER.

*Jaquelin Hall, May 18, 1842.*

#### GREY MEDOC.

*Thorough bred on the dam's side.*

The writer has been gratified at discovering that Grey Medoc is so high bred, of the right sort, running back maternally to the Mount Airy stock, and that part of it from which such distinguished horses as Bel-Air and Oscar, are in part descended—from Col. TAYLOR's Yorick, the celebrated Virginia race horse, years before the American Revolution. Col. Tayloe died 1779. The writer has had access to Col. Tayloe's papers, but merely finds—"Sally Wright by Yorick, out of a thorough bred mare of Col. Tayloe's." T.

We are pleased to learn that Cora, the own sister to Medoc, has dropped a very superb colt to Imp. Glencoe. Cora was presented last season to Hon. BALIE PEYTON, of New Orleans, by our distinguished fellow-citizen, JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq. Mr. Peyton may well be proud of his breeding stud. Since the death of Black Maria, he has added to it Trifle, Atalanta, and several other celebrated mares.

Grasshopper, the half sister to Post Boy, and the dam of John R. and other good ones, dropped a fine bay filly to Priam in May. She is the property of J. W. WARE, Esq., of Berryville, Va.

Skylark has had some capital mares this season, including Imp. Bustle, Catherine Davis, the Luzborough filly out of Old Crop, the dam of Jemima, Virginia Taylor, Virginia Johnson, and others.